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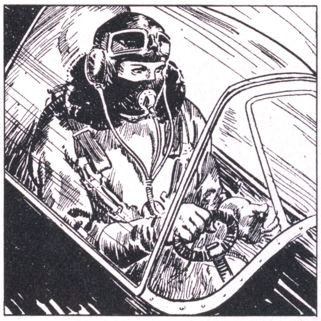

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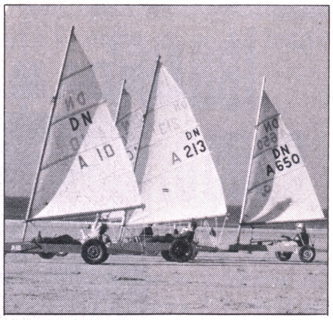

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# MAYFAIR

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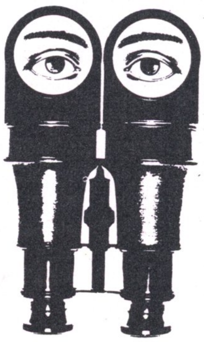
# SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

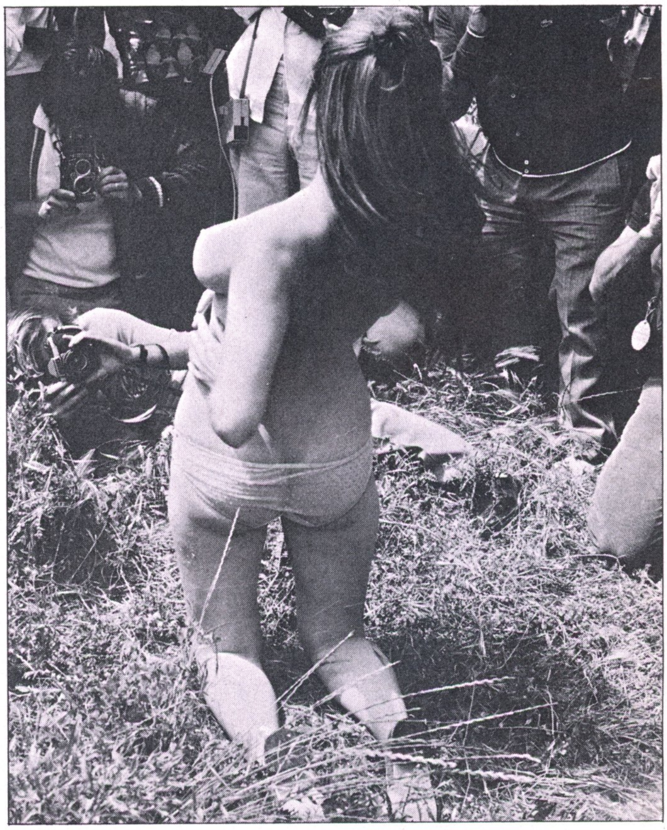
Anyone feeling in need of a little rejuvenation might do worse than join one of Britain's one-make car clubs.

Some cynics regard these clubs as the last bastions of British Enthusiasm. Be that as it may, it's certainly refreshing, if somewhat bewildering, to spend some time with the one-make fanatics.

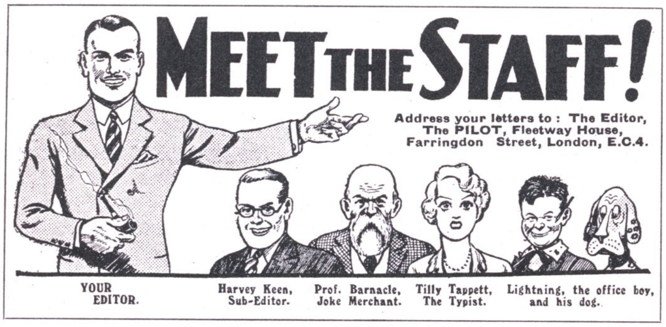
This year marks the seventieth anniversary of the founding of Jowett, the Bradford car makers, and in honour of the occasion on page 76 this month we pay our own tribute to the famous marque. To illustrate such a piece, what better than a call to the librarian of the Jowett Car Club and a rifle through the club's archives?

Much of the fervour has its origin in the 'buried treasure syndrome' – the old Jowett found on an Essex farm that turned out to be the very car the Club's chairman had learned to drive in; the 1926 model discovered at the back of a garage. 'Oh, that,' said the garage-owner, 'I use that for towing.' We make casual mention of a friend of ours, a BOAC pilot who bought a mint engine and chassis from the works after liquidation day and built a most un-Jowett body onto it. 'Now that's fascinating,' says librarian Perkins. 'I'd like to make contact with him. We like to keep tabs on the special bodies.'

After the photos: the real stuff. 'I have three Jowetts myself.' To the garden shed, where inside nestles (nests?) a 1932 Jowett saloon bought from an old lady for £5. 'I've done the dashboard. Must find time to do the rest.' Then the 1926 tourer entombed beneath layers of tarpaulin. 'I've got the radiator inside. When we took the tyres off this one they



*Festival strip: starlet Christina Free causes big stir at Cannes*


MEET THE STAFF!
Address your letters to: The Editor, The PILOT, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.
YOUR EDITOR.
Harvey Keen, Sub-Editor.
Prof. Barnacle, Joke Merchant.
Tilly Tappett, The Typist.
Lightning, the office boy, and his dog.

*Comic strip: how* Pilot *greeted its young readers in the thirties*

stood up by themselves, on the flats.' Finally: 'A spin in the Javelin?'

If you're a Jowett man, then, and feel you'd like to share such marvellous esoteric pleasures, or if you know the whereabouts of some miraculously preserved model, drop a line to J. A. Watkinson at 'Blyth,' Shepherd Road, Bartley, Southampton.

Each year the Cannes film festival seems to be attended by more inane brouhaha than the year before.

Film-makers and actors throw well-publicised fits of temper, and minor starlets jostle for the attention of the world press. But who's complaining about the birds? Certainly not us.

One who caught our eye at this year's festival was a young German girl called Christina Free, who performed a striptease in public until the police intervened. We present a delectable rear view, below left.

Comics, with their superhuman heroes and anthropoid animal stars, have never really been noted for the personal touch.

Most, if you recall, bore no direct trace of the existence of editor, writer or artist on their pages – almost as though 'ordinary' grown-ups were undesirable aliens banned from entering comic land for fear of breaking the spell. The by-line was strictly taboo.

While selecting the illustrations to accompany the second and concluding part of Denis Gifford's survey of the comics of his boyhood, though (see page 56), we came across a delightful exception to the rule. *Pilot*, we were reminded, did in fact publish each week a pictorial line-up of its staff, together with a signed message from one or other of those pictured. There was the Editor, suave, mustachioed, every bit the late-thirties man; Harvey Keen, bespectacled sub-editor; Prof. Barnacle, bearded joke merchant; Tilly Tappett, the typist, and Lightning, the office boy, not forgetting his dog. We couldn't resist reprinting the sketch, which appears above with the kind permission of the publishers, IPC. We were almost tempted, in fact, to follow *Pilot*'s example and print a similar sketch of the jolly Mayfair crew. Only modesty prevented it. At least, that's what the Editor says.

Just what the doctor ordered: 'Leave your sex organs,' Dr Glass proclaimed, 'with your bedroom slippers, and your day's work will be far more productive and rewarding.' – *Times Educational Supplement*.

Most of us like our glass of wine. Some more than others. Our wine correspondent, Charles Fforde, drew our attention to the amazing case recently of Boston wine merchant Laurence Bender. Mr Bender bought the most expensive bottle of wine ever sold – at a heady $5,000, or over £30 a sip.

He bought the bottle, an 1846 Chateau Lafite (one of five of its kind left in the world), at a San Francisco auction. 25-year-old Bender said afterwards he had been commissioned by a client to pay up to $1,200 for it. Dazed, he explained: 'I never attended an auction before. It all happened so fast. The customer is having second thoughts now. But if I don't sell the wine, I can drink it.'

Biggest shock for Bender was yet to come. According to at least one wine expert: 'The wine is unquestionably dead. It will be like drinking autumn leaves or trying to make love to a 100-year-old lady.'

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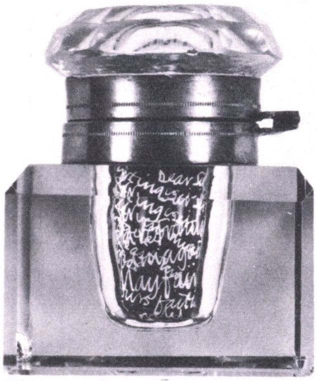
# LETTERS



*This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ*

Dolly sightings? How about this one. I bet you don't believe it. I had difficulty believing my own eyes. There's a sort of covered walk-way through the middle of Covent Garden vegetable market. Lots of dolly girls take it as a short cut, especially if it's raining. All the market men whistle and make remarks. This cute little chick with dark curling hair was clip-clopping through with a nice waggle on her bottom – as much as I could see beneath her short leather coat. The market men were making remarks and her nose was rising higher in the air when – *rustle, rustle* – her pants fell down about her knees! The market men went mad. But full marks to the dolly girl, she kicked them off, bent down (giving me a private view of a delicious kidney-shaped posterior) and shoved them in her bag. She was blushing furiously but managed a watery grin when I said 'hard luck'.

*T. J. Harting, Duncan Terrace, Islington N1.*

*It can happen to any girl. We get lots of letters from wives and girl-friends. Now, how about it you liberated girls? It's the right time to tell us about the most blush-making moment you can remember in unintended revelations. A bottle of perfume of your own choice for the best letter. A bottle of champagne if you have to leave your boyfriend to tell it to us.*

Whilst my wife was in hospital, our neighbour, a young German girl, brought round some magazines for my wife.

Amongst them was Mayfair Vol. 6 No. 4. The girl, being a keen student of English, picked it up and tried to decipher some of the readers' letters. This proved quite difficult and she asked me to translate more fully for her.

She seemed amused at E.C. of Farnborough's soaking sessions, fully clothed in the bath, but admitted she had done the same in cold water to relieve her frustrations while her boyfriend was away. She thought she might try it E.C.'s way next time she felt the urge. I laughingly told her to help herself to my bath any time she liked.

She excused herself to use the toilet and a few minutes later, hearing giggles, I went to the bathroom and found her laying in the bath fully clothed, soaked to the skin and laughing.

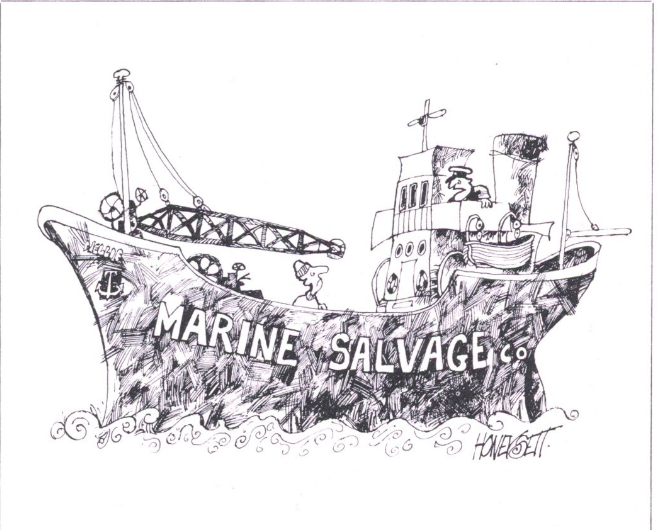
I grabbed my wife's bathrobe and told her to get out of her wet clothes. But getting out of wet clothes proved difficult and she asked me to help her. I undid the zip of her dress and pulled it down from her shoulders. The sight of her naked breasts was too much and I cupped them in my hands and kissed them.

This affected her and she collapsed against me trembling. I pushed her away and pulled her dress right off leaving her standing in bikini panties.

We moved into the bedroom but at first she would not let me make love to her, saying she wanted it differently.

I then produced a soft rubber suit I had bought for my wife – but which she refuses to wear. It was not a good fit on this girl as she was bigger than my wife. To get her into the suit I lubricated it first with olive oil, then zipped it up tight and squeezed and massaged her body, working the oil everywhere. When I got to the crotch she went wild and achieved the fiercest orgasm I have ever witnessed in a woman.

*G.N., W. Germany (full name and address withheld)*



*'Do you have to keep shouting, "Old rags, iron and bones"?'*

With reference to S.L.G. of Chalfont-St-Giles; his account (Vol. 6 No. 3) of updating the Ford Capri is quite laughable. A car such as the Capri, when fitted with additional quartz-halogen lamps, tinted windshield, large bore silencers and the like, only adds to the pathetic pseudo 'grand-image' thankfully seen only rarely on British roads.

I fully realise how difficult it is to obtain a reliable but different car for that income bracket. I myself now drive a Maserati Ghibli, although seven years ago I proudly sported a Ford Anglia, without tinted glass.

For my part, I would strongly recommend Opel or Fiat (whose prices will soon be coming down, with our entry into the Common Market) or even an American model – they tend to be pricey but are highly reliable.

But those 'fantastic' optional extras – they'll only make you look a complete farce.

*G.D., Ashford, Kent (full name and address withheld on request)*

A study of dolly birds when bending leads me to classify them into three categories.

There are those who bend from the hips and don't give a damn if they show everything – and probably hope they do. These are the exhibitionists. At the other end, there are those who bend only from the knees and truly hope they show nothing. But it is the middle group which I find fascinating. You see such a girl begin to bend from the hips and you think, 'Aye aye, keep going.' But then she does a sudden swoop at the knees and all is lost. What goes on in her mind? Is it – 'Whoops, I nearly forgot,' or 'No, I daren't – but I wish I had the courage,' or can your girl readers come up with a better explanation?

May I finish with a comment on the article where a girl was seen leaving a store with her dress caught up in her parcels? I saw a girl enter a supermarket and very carefully catch the bottom of her mini in the mesh of her basket. She then held the basket at waist level and went slowly round doing her shopping. She was only too aware that her panties were on view for all to see. Perhaps the girl with the parcels was such another.

*G.E., Braintree, Essex (full name and address withheld on request)*

We often hear of the beautiful dollies who throng the Kings Road, Chelsea on Saturday afternoons and evenings, but have any readers wandered down Sheen Road, Richmond during the afternoon or evening?

I've spent lazy afternoons and evenings in both streets and I rate Sheen Road higher in quantity and quality than Kings Road.

In one hour in Sheen Road I saw the lot; minis the length of pelmets, leather thigh boots, untethered breasts, see-through blouses, beads and bangles – and not one single unattractive girl. So pipe down about the Kings Road you lot.

*I. Campbell, Sheen Road, Richmond*

One night, many years ago, I boarded the last bus home after a dance. The bus was crowded and on the top deck I took the only vacant seat – next to an attractive girl who I instantly recognised. She lived quite near my own home and I had long lusted after her – she played a major role in my erotic fantasies at that time. I was no slouch in those days

*turn to page 10*

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# LETTERS

*continued from page 6*

when it came to seizing an opportunity and I lost no time chatting her up with all the charm I could muster. We were soon talking like old friends and our acquaintance was ripening fast. Eventually she showed me her holiday snapshots. I had just finished looking at these when the bus approached our stop. I led the way downstairs to the platform, looking ahead but with my right hand stretched out behind me, holding the photographs for the girl to take.

But apparently she continued serenely down the stairs without noticing my outstretched hand which disappeared up and under her dress. Only when my hand could go no further was her descent halted. For a moment we both stood as if turned to stone. Then she gave a muffled shriek and with a scarlet face I snatched my hand away, scattering photographs in all directions.

Our acquaintance was rather too tenuous to survive this calamity and the girl and I parted, never to meet again.

But I often look back to that episode with tender amusement, and wonder if the young lady recalls it too. One detail of the incident is still as vivid in my memory as if it had happened only yesterday. I remember how deliciously warm it was up there.

*Al Chinnery, Brooklyn Caravan Park, Southport, Lancs*

I am one of many wives who avidly read their husbands' copy of Mayfair and I have been hoping that one day you would print some really worthwhile pictures of male pin-ups. Imagine my excitement when I saw Vol. 6 No. 3 with the Lyle and Scott advert for male briefs. I was looking forward to more in Vol. 6 No. 4 but what a blow to find a page of briefs with no-one inside them.

Is it too much to hope that we women will ever see a naked male looking at us from your pages? Why should your male readers have all the fun?

*Margaret Toms (Mrs), Dansom Lane, Hull, Yorkshire*

*Quite honestly we have yet to find anything we enjoy photographing as much as the naked female body. Until we do, you'll just have to put up with naked women all over the place.*

After reading the letter from Eric Dennis in Vol. 6 No. 3 in which he recounts a sexually arousing sensation whilst rope-climbing, I am writing to you about a similar occurrence I observed at a scrambles meeting in February.

I was sitting with two friends on the grass next to the track which was fenced off with stakes and rope when I noticed an attractive girl of no more than 16, lying on a rug about 15 yards away.

We eyed each other for a while and I was just plucking up courage to introduce myself by offering her a cigarette, when she got up, pouted and walked over to a man standing by the rope with his back towards me.

He looked about 55 or 60, so imagine my surprise when the girl threw her arms round his neck and began to kiss him.

She watched me over his shoulder as she swung her leg over the rope and very discreetly, began to slide backwards and forwards along it. This continued for several minutes until she threw back her head as though she were climaxing.

She then disengaged herself from the man and walked back to her rug, where she curled up and fell asleep.

I don't know whether this could be classified as *equus eroticus* but I found her display most entertaining.

*R.G.V., Sherborne, Dorset (full name and address withheld on request)*

While cleaning my boyfriend's flat I came across a large pile of Mayfair magazines.

The Quest surveys I found really exciting. I can only think of one major topic you have left uncovered – oral love. The reasons why a girl might prefer this manner of love making are probably extremely numerous and I look forward to the day Quest tackles it.

My own interest in oral love (especially cunnilingus) arose after reading several books on the subject whilst still at school though I had to wait a considerable time before actually experiencing it. Even then, it came as a result of my own desire rather than any mutual wish between the boy and myself.

It happened when I visited a boyfriend late in the evening. He was swatting for exams but

*turn to page 82*

# LETTERS

*continued from page 10*

he let me in and then asked me to sit so that he could see up my skirt while he worked. I sat in an armchair and put a leg over each arm. How he could continue concentrating I don't know, but he did, glancing up my skirt every now and then.

When he closed his books I put my legs down and he knelt in front of me with his chin on my knees and his eyes shut. I took his head in my hands and stroked his face while he caressed my thighs. Inch by inch I moved forward until my legs were each side of him and his face was almost up to my crotch.

I carefully slid down my panties and tights and pulled him to me. He soon realised what I wanted and gave me the most marvellous orgasm, despite his tiredness.

Many girls, I know, would love to try this form of intercourse but are afraid to ask their boyfriends – or have asked and been refused. Why is this?

*Ann R., Bridgend, Glamorgan (name and address withheld)*

I have seen it written that amongst those items of apparel that have an erotic significance, bracelets figure high up the list. For me they are top of the list. An armful of large, jangling bracelets on a girl is enough to get me hot under the collar.

Alas, magazines just don't seem to feature bangle janglers at all these days. Come on all you guys who would like Mayfair to oblige us with a picture of such a sensation, let's hear from you.

*F.H.K., Norwich (full name and address withheld)*

*No need. We thought you'd appreciate this picture of Anna Gael (Lady Weymouth) right, and Gillian Hills from 'Take me, Love me'.*

One subject you seem to have largely ignored in your excellent Quest series, is the art of lovemaking without detection where other people are around. I was introduced to this by the young hostess of a party. For some reason, we had all collected in the dimly lit sitting room to watch the progress of the American moon landing on television. The girl and I were standing behind the sofa with our backs to the wall.

We were both intent on the television picture like everyone else in the room, when suddenly I felt one of her hands moving under cover of the back of the sofa, down the front of my trousers. I slipped my right hand over her bottom down to the tops of her thighs where her mini skirt ended and then moved it up between her buttocks. She opened her thighs slightly and by now had undone my zip.

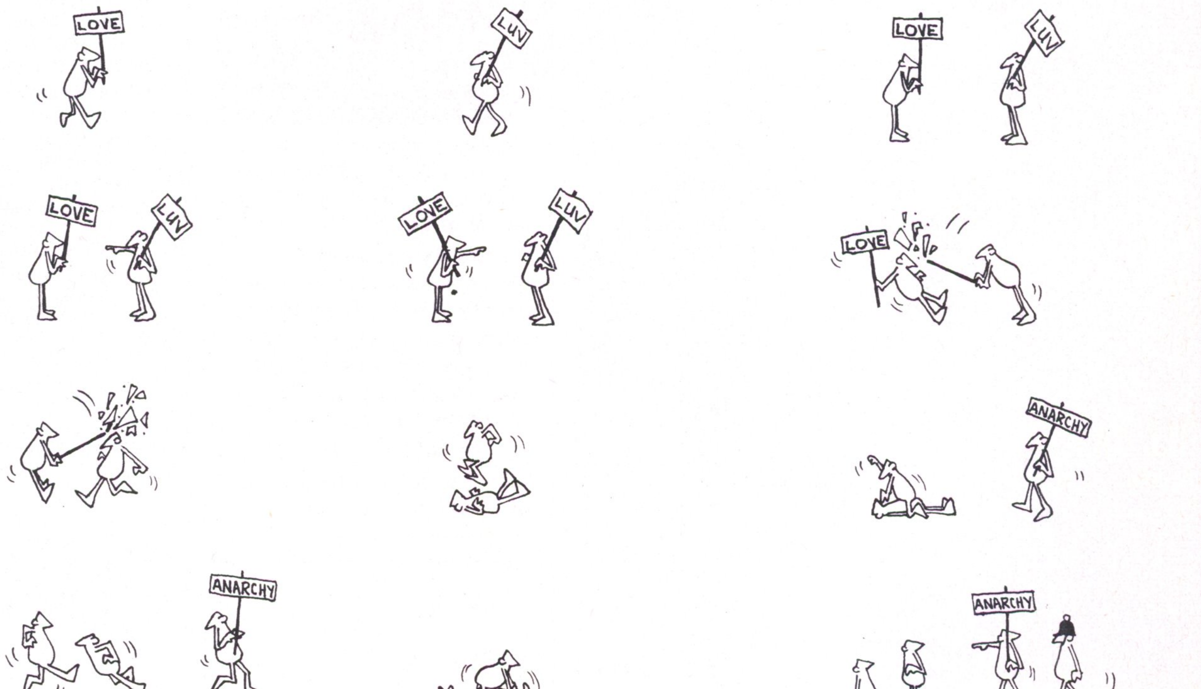
I suddenly realised she wasn't wearing panties. I could feel my heart thumping in my chest and kept looking out of the corners of my eyes to see if anyone realised what we were doing – but they all seemed intent on the television set.

We both had orgasm to the phallic accompaniment of the American space capsule.

*K.F., Speke, Liverpool (full name and address withheld)*

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

# CAZ



# READY, STEADY, STEREO

## Choosing hi-fi? Then play it by ear – it's the only way, says Hugh Hamilton

You've all heard him. The guy in the pub who *knows* about hi-fi. The trouble is, he doesn't; at least, not so far as you're concerned. In fact no-one can tell you what you should buy when you're looking for a hi-fi. I have been asked many times to put people out of their misery by recommending a good hi-fi, usually at fairly cheap prices, and I can't do it. No matter what you've heard or how enthusiastic your saloon bar amateur is, about the merits and demerits of one hi-fi combination against another, the only criterion by which you can possibly judge a certain set-up against another is whether you can stand to be in the same room with it when you switch it on. You have to enjoy listening to it. The rest, the technical comparisons are pure bulldust.

I don't think I'd be persuaded to buy a car either on the manufacturer's exhortations or a friend's recommendation unless I'd tried it for myself at least around the block. And for this reason, car dealers generally have test cars on hand. Similarly the good hi-fi dealer will have a number of demonstration outfits on the premises and somewhere where you can sit down and listen to them. Then you can test out the various combinations until you find one that suits your own listening purposes.

Almost everything that makes a noise is now described as hi-fi by the manufacturer, so if you're buying you have to find some reasonable and reliable way of separating the real thing from the rubbish and assessing the values of all the grades in-between with reasonable accuracy. So how do you do that, especially if you don't know very much about it? You could start working your way through the mass of technical and semi-technical literature that is presently available, books, manufacturer's catalogues, magazines, etc. The problems of doing this are that you would soon become confused with the conflicting mass of information and opinions available, you'd need a thorough grounding in science and electronics to understand it, and it'd take a couple of years' study before you knew where you were going.

The alternative is to find an expert who is prepared to advise you – and whose advice you can trust. But then we get back to the same position again – the more of an expert he is, the more he will emphasise that when it comes to the crunch you have to make up your own mind – because you're the one who has to listen when the thing is switched on.

Experts come in four main breeds. The enthusiastic amateur we can discount because he is probably more enthusiastic than knowledgeable; we can also discount the manufacturer because he is more than likely to be slightly biased in favour of his own machines, understandably. Thirdly myself, the technical journalist, as I am probably inclined to recommend those machines which give me listening pleasure – but do they give it to you?

Let's face it I can't recommend something I don't like, but which you might think is marvellous. Or vice-versa. So who does that leave? The last expert – the specialist dealer who has listening facilities where you can spend an afternoon and probably sells an entire range of stock from £100 to £1000.

You may find it odd, but the more expensive set-ups are not necessarily the best. Just as you might prefer living in a large flat and making do with a small beat up car, there are others who will put up with any amount of inconvenience at home to run a large sporty car which is slightly beyond their means. So, some hi-fi enthusiasts get more satisfaction from the perfection of their equipment and the tricks it will do, than they get from actually listening to the music. For example the hi-fi buff might rate the bias compensation and playing weight adjustment qualities of his pick-up arm more highly than he does the music he is listening to. He may be obsessed with wow and flutter and background rumble to an extent where you don't notice it.

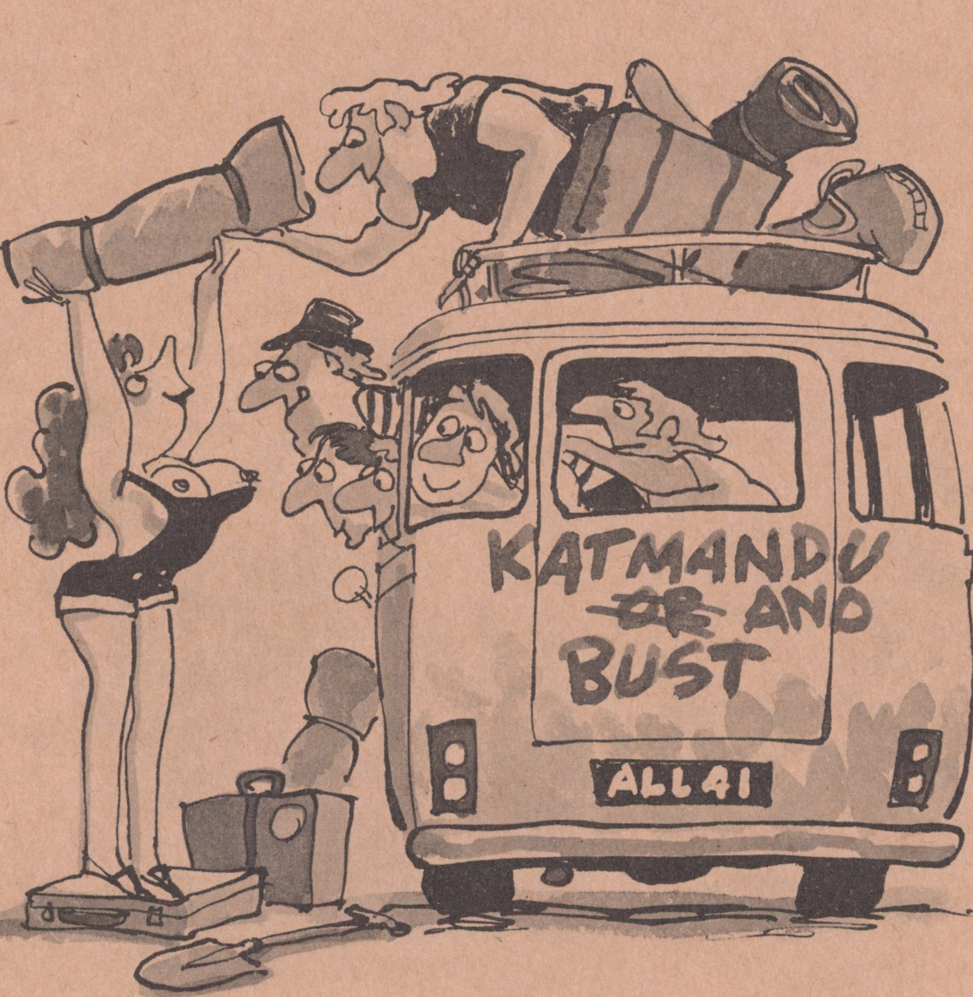
But first you have to work out how much to spend. You can buy a good combination for around £150 that will do the job well – even very well (but do you really need a stroboscopic light and special built in markings to check the speed the record is playing? – surely you just take a look at the speed control switch).

Secondly, decide what facilities you require. Many people start with just a stereo gramophone and add radio and tape deck later. Perhaps you want the whole lot straight away?

Right, now having come this far, you need to find somewhere where you can listen in comfort to a variety of combinations with perhaps the benefit of competent advice until you hear the sound that suits you perfectly – and here you may have a choice of a package-deal system as an alternative to a usually more expensive tailor-made installation, taking the record deck as a basic, with a playing arm and cartridge and then choosing perhaps another make of amplifier that will best suit your house, the power etc. and choice you need, and then the best speakers for the installation of the equipment. Having chosen all this, you may well find you have a hi-fi at as low as £150 which you can build on and change at will.

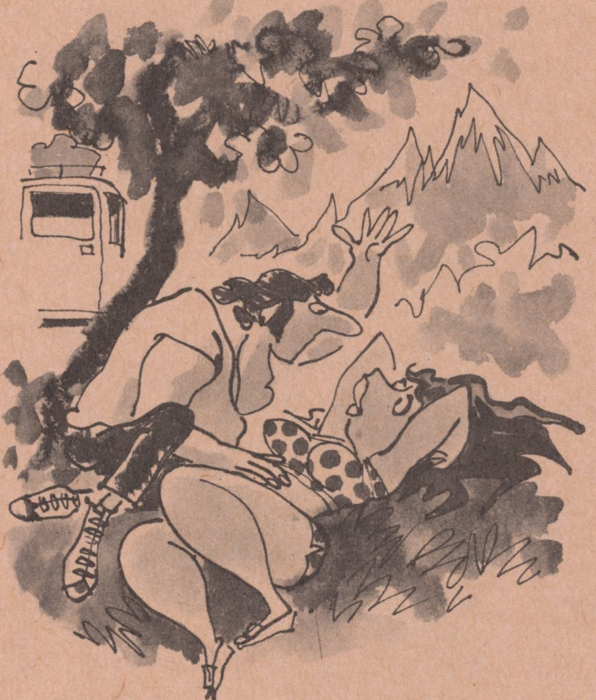
Now I've given you all the reasons why I cannot recommend a hi-fi system to you, I am in fact going to do just that – to give you some form of guidance. For my own £150 I'd be inclined to begin with a Rogers Ravensbrook amp at around £51. To that I'd add the Goldring-Lenco GL69 turntable complete with playing arm and cartridge (nothing too complicated) at say, £50. This leaves £50 for speakers. And the speakers I will leave to you. As I have pointed out, we all hear sounds differently and no two speakers will suit everybody, although with £50 in your pocket you'll have no trouble finding a pair to suit you. If you hanker for a compact one-make system, I can do no better than recommend the Sony HPP 46 system at around £130. Which leaves you £20 for a set of headphones. Now it's up to you to go and listen.

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR ROBINS

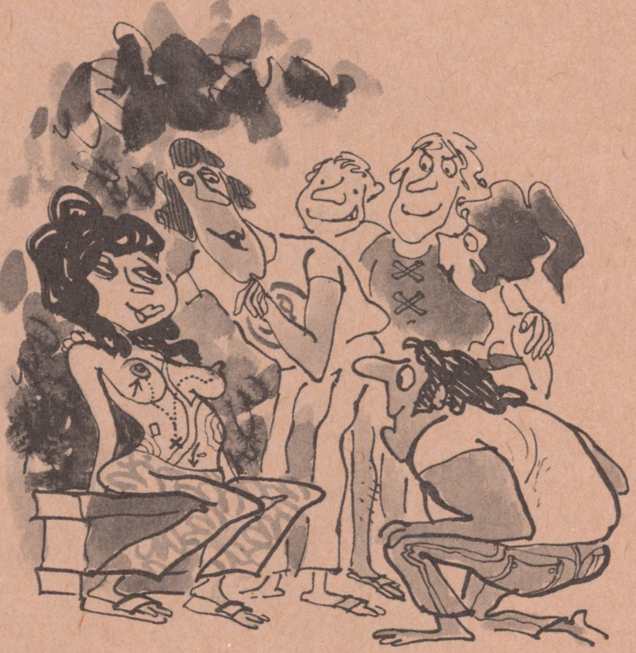

KATMANDU ~~OR~~ AND BUST
ALL 41

# Safari so good

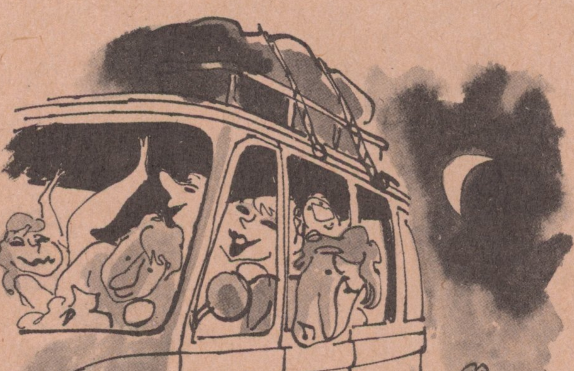
What really happens on those mixed mini-bus treks?
In this remarkable holiday report Roy Raymonde reveals the
truth behind the primus stoves and the minarets



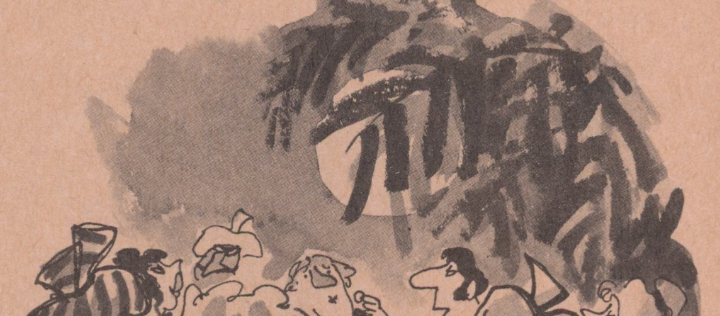
*'It's the adventurer's guiding principle in life, Sandra – If it's there and it's surmountable, surmount it'*



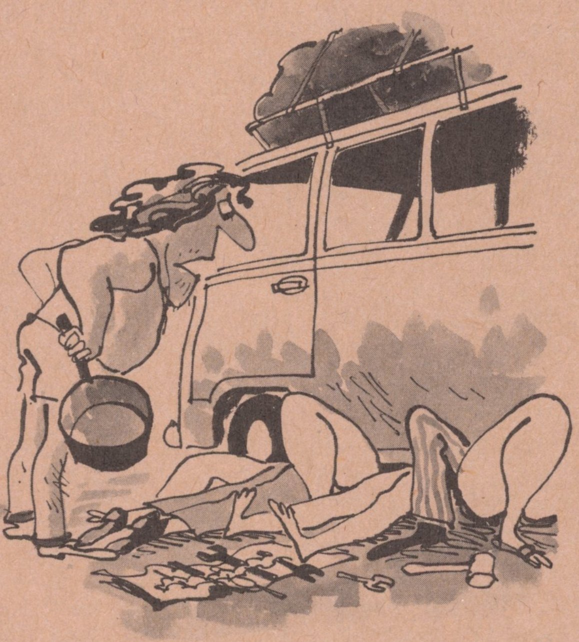
*'. . . and I'd like to say how grateful we are to Gloria for providing a spare relief-map of this fascinating area'*



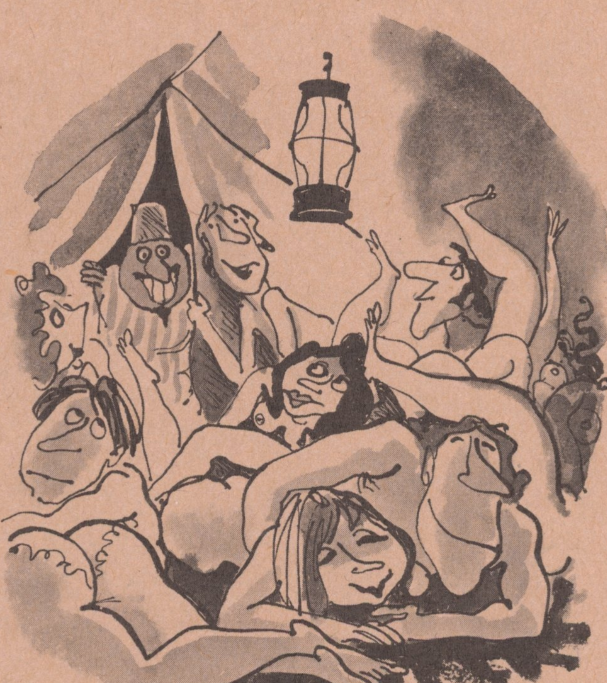
*'I don't think you chaps appreciate the one-for-allness of this sort of expedition'*



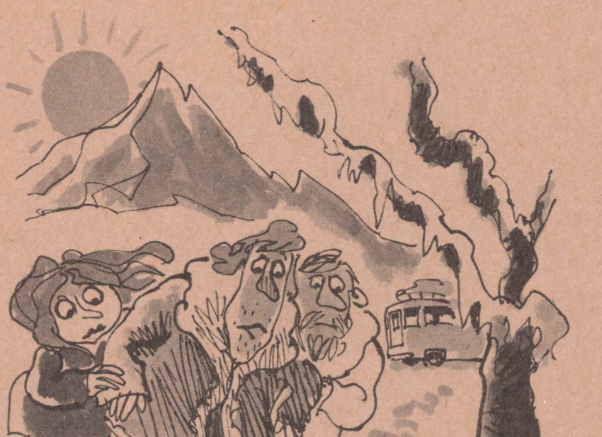
*'It seems that the traditional delicacy around these parts* isn't *sheeps eyeballs after all. They're camels – and they* aren't eyeballs *. . .'*



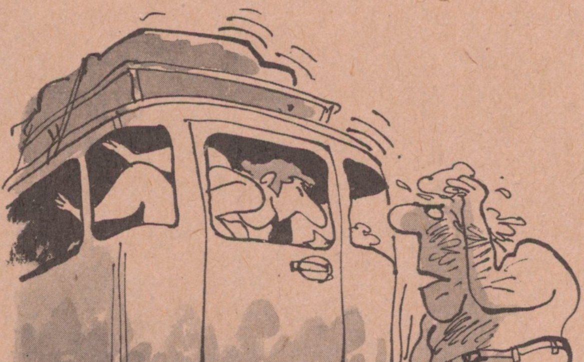
*'Do you mean to tell me there isn't* one *of you motor mechanics who can cook as well, dammit?'*



*'There's a fellow here wants to know if we'd like to go and see the fertility rites'*



*'Good God, Angela wasn't fooling us – she* did *see a Yeti last night'*



*'OK, you two can stop bouncing up and down in the back now – we're out'*

# FILMS

### David Quinlan

Is sex-and-violence dead in the cinema? Not so. The two-week releases of such films as *Get Carter, Percy* and *Up Pompeii* would indicate just the opposite. No, sex-and-violence has reached a new popular level with the people as a whole, something that was the province of the West End cinema only a couple of years ago. *Creatures the World Forgot*, which did well at the box-office, probably would not have got such a good release if Julie Ege had not been the star. No, boobs, blood and bullets are dragging in Mr. Average in greater numbers than for years past.

All three of these have their place in *Villain* (X), another tough crime drama, slightly better than *Get Carter* because it is both less objectionable and more believable.

The central character is Vic Dakin, an East End gang leader, played with grumbling force by Richard Burton – an odd piece of casting that very largely comes off. Dakin is a vicious homosexual psychopath for whom violence is a pleasure. The police, led by Nigel Davenport, are waiting patiently for him to make a mistake.

Christopher Challis' good location camerawork and Michael Tochner's sensible direction make it seem as if it could be happening. Whereas Carter was in another world, one that was too tricksy by half, Dakin exists in a blaze of headlines that have become all too familiar: 'WAGES GUARDS PUT UP STOUT FIGHT IN GANG SNATCH'; 'GANGLAND HIRELING BEATEN UP'; 'M.P. BLACKMAILED BY INCRIMINATING PHOTOGRAPHS.'

Nigel Davenport and Ian McShane add solidly to the weight of a film that should please crime fans of all inclinations. The violence is toned down in that it is seen to happen, but either bloodlessly or from the recipient's angle. Fiona Lewis, as the girl on the fringe of gangland, has splendid breasts and not a little acting ability.

*Doctors' Wives* (X) is a sex-and-surgery saga that goes above and beyond the Valley of the Ventricles. The town bitch (Dyan Cannon) is permanently on heat. 'An orgasm a day keeps the headshrink away,' she tells her friends.

The shooting of her and of her Wednesday lover leads to a heart operation where the doctor tells the student audience what's going on ('When this suture is done, I'll insert my finger and do a blind probe') and much heart-searching by the sex-starved wives. It's hardly surprising that the acting – even from people like Gene Hackman and Diana Sands – has no underlying conviction; and poor Rachel Roberts is saddled with a Confession scene that begins: 'It was the way she looked at me. I had on a thin blouse and no bra . . .'

This messy medical mixture is certainly worth a laugh. But for good old sex, give me a Swedish sauna film any day.

There's such an assortment of monsters, witches and the like in *Equinox* (X) as we haven't seen since the last American sci-fi craze died out at the end of the Fifties.

The film has moments of effectiveness, too, like the procession of witches jumping into the pit of hell. But the humans on hand are even less of a help than usual – two wooden boys and girls who make painful attempts to come to terms with a screenplay that seems to be made up of the worst lines from half-a-dozen monster films.

A flying devil is impressive enough to make one wish director Jack Woods had ditched the modern surroundings in favour of a bizarre journey into the occult. As it is, when the hero peers into a darkened cave and mutters: 'Take it easy, there's a lot of junk in here,' one can only assume he is referring to the script.

# BOOKS

### Arthur Pottersman

Memo to all forceful, dominating and successful career businessmen: How would you like to be kidnapped by a quartet of bearded wierdies and held captive on a remote British isle while they studied you, their prey, as enterprising explorers might analyse a rare zoological find?

Not so keen, eh? Well, suppose it went something like this:

They started off by finding you peculiar, and you were very angry to begin with. But as time went by, you began to want their project of finding out what made you tick to

*Some girls, it seems, have erotic fantasies about being tied down and raped. In 'Exposed' to be released shortly by Miracle Films, Christina Lindberg plays a girl who not only daydreams about it but persuades a guy to do it. Some girls are persuasive like that.*

succeed – because you're that kind of managerial chap – and they gradually lost interest and concentration as you appeared to enjoy it more.

Then one day you went for a walk, because all the healthy living on the island made your liver and muscles cleaner and fitter than they had been for years, and when you came back and found one of the girls hanging up laundry and wearing your shirt because she liked it but keeping two buttons undone for coolness so that her breasts showed every time she laughed – 'like bright little suns showing themselves between clouds' – and you let your desire show . . .

'I said, do up your shirt.' That's you – the businessman, in one of your more censorious tones. 'It's more a question of take it off now, isn't it?' That's the girl – being her co-operative hippy self.

So she takes off her shirt and drapes it on the clothes-line. You feel a bit foolish at this. Does she expect you to take her in your arms – right there in the garden – or just look at her breasts? She soon lets you know:

'In a clear steady voice she said, We'll go in here. And briskly but not hastily she walked into the back bedroom. Armitage (the kidnapped businessman) hesitated, then followed her: Within the stone walls it was cooler than out of doors. Sue (the hippy girl) was already naked. She sat on one of the beds, smiling cheerfully at him like a girl in a good restaurant assuring a man that she intends to enjoy the dinner.

'Look here, he said, I wasn't going to . . .

'I wasn't going to either, she said. Sort of a nice surprise isn't it?

'Sue, are you sure this is a good idea?

'Oh, for Christ's sake, let's not have one of those awful discussions. I'm all sexed up now, so don't worry . . . Listen, I do think you'd better get your trousers off before you knock a hole in them.

'She rolled on to her back quickly and easily, like a wrestler taking a fall. She was watching him with alert, candid eyes – sexed up as she called it, sure enough, but still amused, still cool. He dropped on her to stop this watching and pressed his face into the pillow beside hers.

'There was a time – a couple of minutes – when he felt that it was all wrong. Not wrong that he was with her: right and wrong had ceased to count in that, or could be worked out later. What was wrong was that he had not once kissed her, or touched her, or coaxed or aroused her at all before their naked bodies were pressed together. Something that he owed her as a man, and that she ought to expect and need as a woman, had been omitted. But if he felt this, he understood through her body that she did not; and he stopped worrying about it.

'Her body, as he advanced a little in knowing it, had qualities that delighted him. It was delicate, yet it was also resilient. It was yielding but sensitive, encouraging him and answering to him. It was clean with its own freshness. Armitage himself was sweating hard – he would have liked to wash before they began, but he supposed she did not bother about that sort of thing. She remained dry, smooth and warm, at ease beneath him as she would have been at ease beneath the sun.

'He had no doubt that he was giving her pleasure. She enjoyed letting him know it; she hummed a happy "Mm-mm" in his ear, and sometimes she called out "Oh yes!" or "More!" He did not forget that his manliness had surprised, and evidently went on surprising her. The power of his pride carried him on. He was himself surprised; the body that was mastering this girl did not seem to be the same that ached from digging and lost itself in numbing sleep. When he pressed his bearded face against hers, the sensation was so excitingly strange that there might have been two new people on this bed: not John Armitage and a girl younger than his daughter, but ageless equals born from the island . . .

'So he surged to his climax, speedily but without effort, like a swimmer borne to the shore on the smooth height and sudden plunge of a wave. And Sue, still with her joyful little noise, was with him.'

I have told all from this rather unusual love affair, climax of inter-relating in the new novel by trend-spotting journalist Mervyn Jones, 'Mr Armitage Isn't Back Yet' (Cape, £1·60), because it heralds a new scene in contemporary fiction.

Sue is the first Liberated Woman, in the 1970s sense, to grace the pages of a modern novel. Many are prone to follow in her heel prints. But observe the nature of the first – and observe her well.

First, she cares nothing for the so-called Generation Gap. If a guy appeals to her – and money seems to play no part in the life of this little guilt-diggerup – then he's the guy she'll go to bed with. Good for him – but any other fellow who has his heart set, or any other part, on possessing her, had better recognise now: She ain't playing that ball-game. Then there's the romantic fore-play bit, or pre-sex stimulation as sexologists call it. For this happy non-virgin that's strictly for old-fashioned birds. When she's turned on, you'd better get plugged in. Any other conduct simply isn't cool. Is she shameless? Well, how can she be if she doesn't believe in shame? So the man, be he married and a-roaming or a lone wolf like herself, will have to put up those barriers alone. She'll go to bed with you for self-gratification, and to please you too – but love? Leave that outside with your boots.

Girls like this are around now. You may have been lucky enough to find and lose one on your own terms. But if you should have fallen for one of these free affairs, then remember that giving her babies won't keep her at home. You'll just have to pluck down all your manly instincts and simply refuse to leave her. As for loving her, as Mervyn Jones indicates – it's strictly at your own risk, but that's the price a boy has to pay these days.

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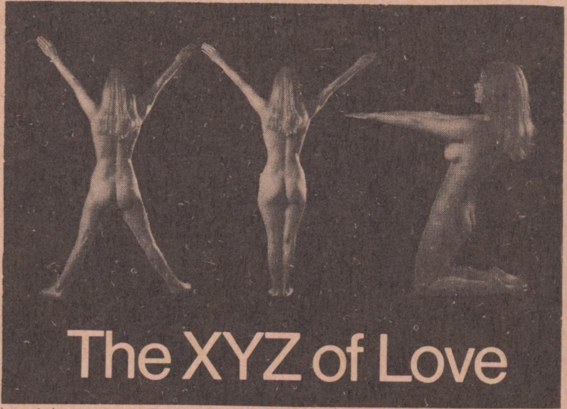

In this uncut Danish book, psychologists Inge and Sten Hegeler recount the sexual case histories of men and women who have asked them for enlightenment. The wife who told her husband to buy a riding whip; the girl who wanted her boyfriend to spank her; the man who slept with his sister. The original Danish illustrations are retained

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M68

# DISCS

## Glyn Matthews

I have always been a sucker for new theories which try to explain at one puff, things which previously have eluded all comers. Such a theory is what, for want of a better title, I will call *the point eight theory*.

The point eight theory purports to explain the difference between successful records and mediocre ones. Adherents to this theory claim that a successful record needs a beat or combination of beats, every point eight of a second or any combination of beats inside a point eight framework.

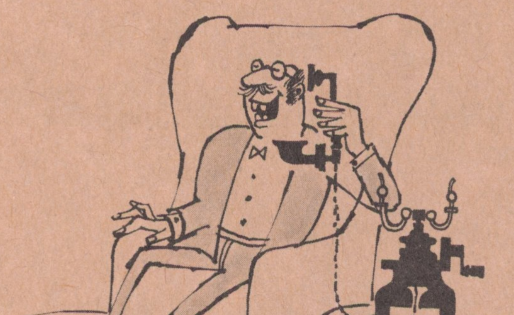
Why? Because point eight of a second is supposedly the body's natural orgasmic rhythm – the natural love-making, leg swinging, hand clapping rhythm. Apparently the most desperately self conscious and unmusical can dance with ease to a point eight beat. It comes naturally.

Perhaps you know the feeling. At a party you hear a record that makes every fibre of your body need to get up and express something to the music – and because this is so, it also makes you feel good, feel as though you can do what you want to do.

**Ram John Holder** has point eight. **Bootleg Blues** (Beacon BEAS 17) is his latest, a ten track album of sorrow and joy with the drums and bass never letting up on that point eight through from slow to fast. True blues buffs might complain of lack of depth of feeling in Ram's easy rhythmic style, but the words work with the music and there is no put-down, no merciless sorrow or wailing. Definitely a non-sad blues collection, more wry, tongue-in-the-cheek expression of past living told almost with pride. I rate this highly. It has instant appeal on first hearing – though perhaps I mightn't care to listen too closely at the fiftieth play.

Not so for **Caravan's** latest, **In the Land of Grey and Pink** (Deram SDL-R1). This one takes some playing before the message gets through, but by the time you're into it, it's worthwhile. It isn't a party dance disc but neither is it unfathomable. There are several think making tracks, but side two, 23 minutes of continual change in a single track is really where it's at, thudding bass, skysoaring lead acoustic guitar, organ, piano, drums and woodwind closing to a final four minutes of mind rousing bass riff scooping out patterns of pure colour, heavily supported by drums. Caravan have awoken. This LP hasn't been off my turntable in two weeks. Strongly recommended.

Sad about **Keef Hartley Band's** new LP **Overdog** (Deram SDL 2). It just doesn't live up to past promise from this band. Some vocals come through with a message but the instrumentals give more. Sadly, a general feeling of lassitude and torpor throughout that I find difficult to pin down. Very disappointing. Or perhaps I expected too much?



*'Hello, Lords cricket ground? Could you give me the latest test score, please?'*

# NIGHTLIFE

## Kenneth Dowd

I have always found a certain fascination in the phrase 'She lost it at the Astor' – possibly not the least reason being because of the lack of definition as to what was really lost. It is abundantly clear however that quite a lot of girls have gained it at the **Astor.**

At the Astor at present are four young ladies who call themselves 'The Tender Plenty', and having seen them I can assure you that there is tender in plenty. Their return to the Astor for a second successful season should be at approximately the same time as you are reading this column, and it will be well worth while for you to catch their act.

In their white see-through crepe catsuits, they are a highly visual act in addition to their ability as a highly vocal act, singing 'Spinning Wheel', 'Get Ready' and 'Ticket to Ride' in a swinging modern jazz style. Their first LP appears this month, and in the show at the Astor they are of course backed by Jimmy Silver and the Astor Orchestra.

It is rare to find a genuine full-sized orchestra in a nightclub these days, and even rarer for them to receive the compliments which The Tender Plenty pass about the swinging modern jazz which Jimmy Silver provides to back the act.

The Astor has always had a reputation for international cabaret acts, and in fact is one of the few London clubs to bring star performers over from America regularly, and Ginjy James, the U.S. blues and ballads singer, is a typical example of this. Other well-known acts which have appeared at the Astor recently include Los Reales de Paraguay, and every evening without fail we see the Seven Fantabulous Astor Girls, the chorus line which Bertie Green created and wisely continues, since they are one of the traditional attractions of the club.

The Astor is not too expensive. There is no entrance fee at the club. Paté de Foie Maison costs 35p, and Capon du Surrey au Chipolata costs £1·50. Vegetables range between 22½p and 37½p a portion. For a fully-fledged well-established international nightclub, providing you with sixty minutes of cabaret at 1 am, and two orchestras, and a chorus line, these prices are fair.

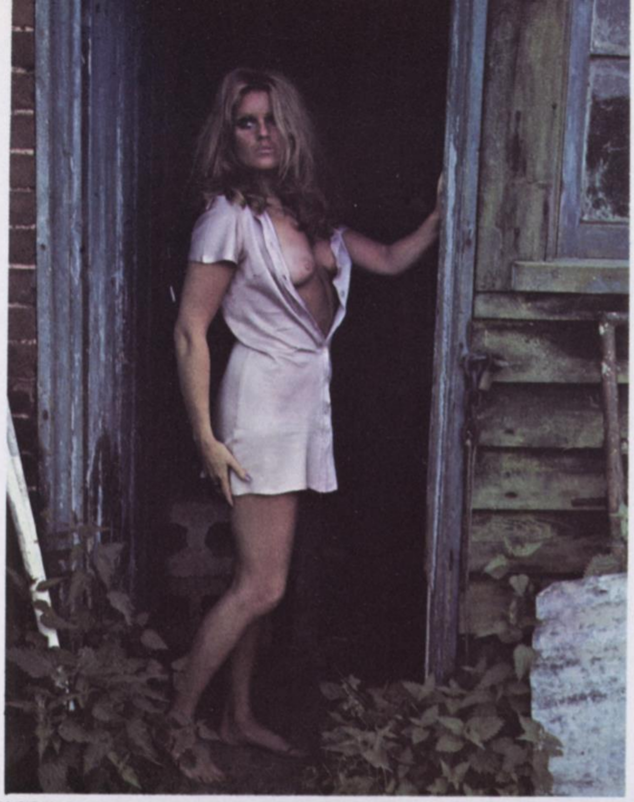
The club is one of the success stories of the West End, and credit should go to Arthur Lowe and Bertie Green for translating the Astor in terms of entertainment, through several decades of changing entertainment patterns, and remaining at the forefront of the list of London clubs, both alphabetically and deservedly.

It was a rare experience last week, after dining at a small intimate restaurant at Hampstead, to find my name inscribed upon the Roll of Kings. It always seemed a good idea for a restaurant to personalize its character with some form of presentation after your meal, and it was both a pleasant gesture and a sensible surprise to be presented with a copy of the menu with one's own name emblazoned on it, at the **Kings Restaurant** at 122 Finchley Road, Hampstead.

The prices were good: say £1·75 per head with wine, the wine list adequate, and the meat superb. The restaurant specializes in flambé cooking at your table, and Steak au Poivre and Steak Diane are prepared before you with finest Angus beef.

I mention the restaurant because not all of our readers wish to spend every penny of their money in the West End, and this restaurant is located within five minutes of Baker Street, and possesses a calm of its own.

I had been told in advance that the meat was good and the value was excellent, and found the restaurant comfortable and unpretentious. So, if you have West End tastes but a Finchley Road pocket book, or it is rather near the end of the month and you are limiting your costs, you would be well-advised to walk to Kings, yet keep the common touch (and some change too, compared with West End prices!).



# MANDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LINZI

*So many girls are hesitant and just a little bit prissy. They take a lot of drawing out; that's their fascination. Not Mandy Laker. She's had her chance to opt for urban niceties like full-bodied Chateau Neuf du Pape at that little Italian place round the corner, followed by soft small-hours Hi-Fi in his comfy bachelor pad. 'Not for me,' says Mandy with a trace of a Welsh accent.*

*'A chap from London who was staying for a while at the hotel in the village, asked me to marry him about three weeks ago. The most crazy things can happen in a small place like this. I'd been to London to see him a couple of times. As soon as he asked me that I said "Here's where I draw the line."' The youngest daughter of a Flintshire farmer, Mandy can take care of herself.*

*Sitting at the wheel of her father's Rover in a little lane above the farm, tugging gently at the hem of her blue mini-skirt, she confides that unlike her two sisters she will probably never leave all the animals. 38-26-38 Mandy grew up helping collect the hens' eggs and gathering in the hay. All that and much more has contributed to her straightforward and rough-cut country charm.*

Mayfair - Volume 6 Number 8,

‘A sort of gang bang?’ asked the young boy. ‘I have heard that expression,’ she said, trying not to show her smile of excitement at thoughts growing in her mind

# The View of Delft

Fiction by Landreth Leaper

An autumn afternoon, and Barbara, in bed with the young boy, lay on her back, looking at the ceiling, and the room filled with a gold light. Young couple in a chamber, except that Barbara was no longer young. The windows were open, and curtains stirred slowly in the gentlest of breezes. The air was fresh, autumnal, and beautiful, and the faraway city sounds seemed infinitely remote and saddening. She didn’t know why. The angle of an attic roof.

He was lying almost at her side, half on her body and half off it, having finished three times, or four, she hardly knew how many. One of his hands held her right breast across her body, the other arm was beneath her neck, cradling her almost. The autumn sun glinted down into the clearing of gold and brown and red. Sometimes he half awoke, and kissed her cheek, or nibbled her ear, or moved his hand downwards across her stomach so that she thought, or hoped, it was going to be yet another time. His eyes were closed, when she turned to look into his face. He was not asleep, but nearly, in a happy exhaustion that made her proud and happy to have satisfied him like

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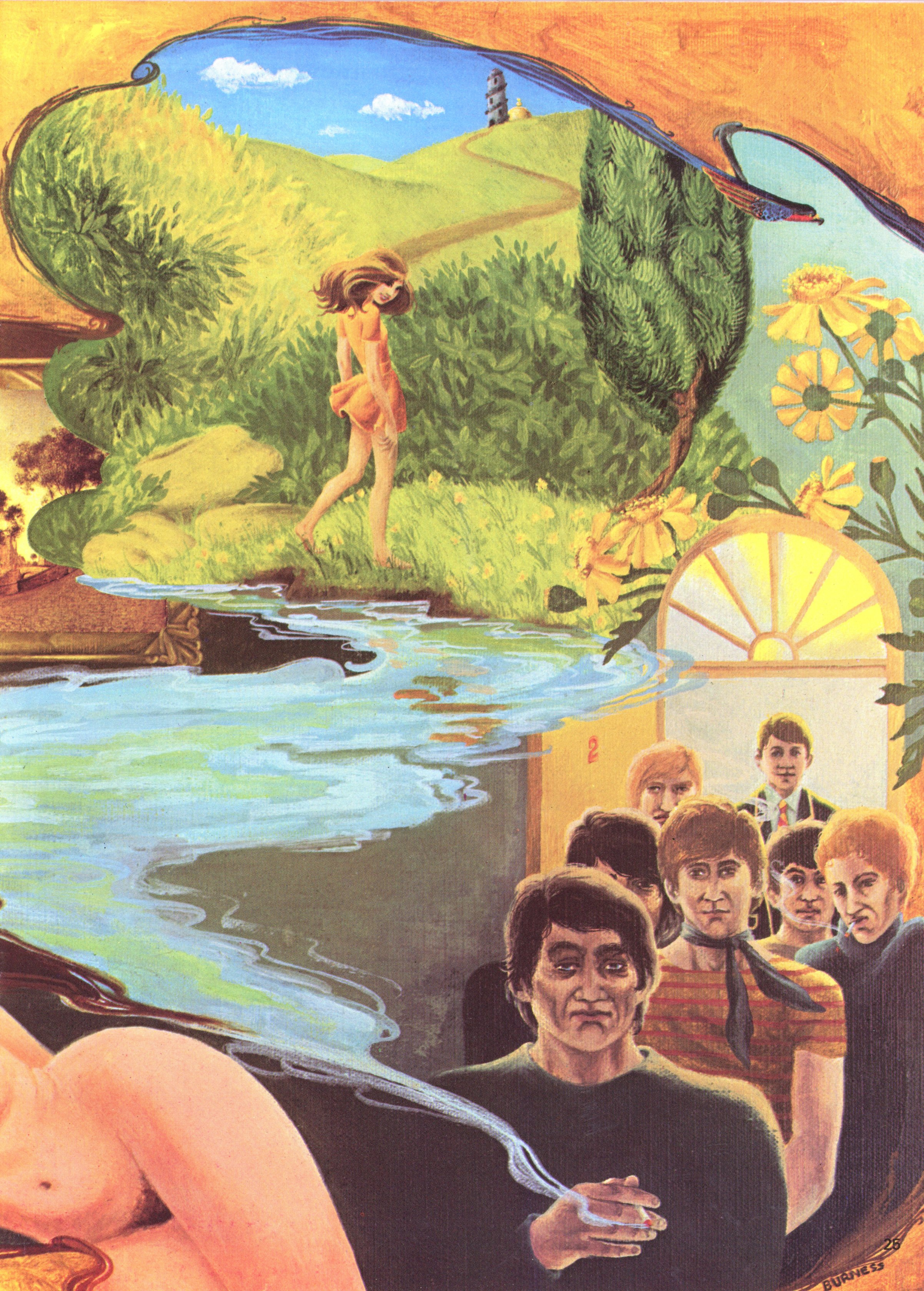
ILLUSTRATION BY KATE BURNESS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BURNESS

# The View of Delft

*continued from page 24*

this. The drawbridge, seen in the sitting room through the open doorway, defined by intervening slopes, blocks of slate-blue colour, the remoteness of the painter's world, the canal penetrable only by the light. With his eyes closed, seen through air that was misty and wet, he seemed younger still than he was; the closed eyes gave him the appearance of a boy of nine or ten. When they were open, they defined more precisely his sixteen years: they were experienced eyes, sometimes cold, sky and water merging almost unnoticed, sometimes surprised by the events of life, and so betrayed the lack of sophisticated depth. From a boy of sixteen she did not expect the world. Or not in entirety. An afternoon was world enough, for this solitary horseman. Barbara, more than twice his age, being in her thirties, was happy to have discovered him. All her other lovers were old men, who paid her, while this boy, Jee, who couldn't pay her even if the thought had crossed his mind – which it hadn't – seemed to bring back her childhood days again, and made her feel, not thirty-four, but his age once more, as though she were a schoolgirl again back in the town of her childhood, among rose-coloured ruins on the top of a hill, though in those days it had never been a bedroom in autumn, with open windows, and sunlight, and quietness and peace and the freedom to make love over and over again as often as she wished, or as often as he could. In those earlier times it had more often been a beach hut, in a golden mist of sunset, or the garden at night, or the locked dusty school gymnasium for which some boys had stolen the key, and guided her in when the caretaker had gone home, to release her, happy and dazed and feeling still excited in spite of the intimacy with four, or five, or more, after three or four hours, so that she got home into the house after nine o'clock, a childish figure in a light of sunset, full of explanations and apologies and excuses, all of which were accepted. And believed.

Bronze relics of the forgotten summer.

As for meeting Jee, he had rung on the door bell a week or so ago, also in the afternoon, selling flowers. At least, he was carrying them in a basket, and offered them to her, saying she could pay what she liked for them. It was, she realised later, his *method*, the way he worked: a basket of wild flowers, low horizons, cloudy skies and monotonous bluish-grey tones, an afternoon talk with a bored or lonely housewife, or desolate lonely girl, and he would take whatever happened to follow. For Barbara herself, moved somehow by his youth and gentleness, in the misty sea air of Jan van Goyen, invited him in, and considered the flowers with a mock seriousness, while really considering the boy himself behind their leaves and petals and colour and prettiness, and, overcome by a sudden sensual desire for his youth, wondering how she could make the right approach without offending his boyish sensitivity. She hadn't realised, then, that this was all he wanted. When they stood up, at last, among white silver, and tiny red harebells, they were close together, and she half moved her arms, and he half moved his, and then, so gradually and imperceptibly and inevitably that it might have been the response of both their hearts, instead of both their desires, they came into each other's arms. 'Not here,' she said, and took him to the bedroom. Toilet scenes, with the delicate interplay between the girl and the reflection of her features in a mirror, in a strange tower-like building. Helping him undress, which seemed to please him, lying down on the bed beside him, like the artist in the studio at the Kunsthistorisches Museum, and then surprised at the sudden vigour, the sudden change from innocent boy to someone as passionate as herself.

The beauty of the glass.

After that, it had been nearly every day.

For just under two weeks.

On an island in the Oude-Maas, with a view of Dordrecht.

And looking down at him now, with his closed eyes and tangled hair, she felt a wave of tenderness that surprised her, and could not resist moving her face and mouth down his body. The soft, limp, beautiful, innocent, pathetic, cylinder in her wet mouth. Without knowing it, perhaps, she had always wanted a boy lover, instead of a man, and her relations with Jee gave her not merely a sexual pleasure, but emotional happiness and content too.

He stirred, aroused by her devotion, and she came back up beside him. Gazing upon him, and into his open eyes.

'What?' he asked.

'Nothing.'

She kissed him, letting her tongue move into his readily opened mouth.

Soft warm intimacy. Deep and narrow concave folds.

'You know,' he said, after a moment, drawing partly away from her, 'I've got a friend.'

'Oh?'

'I told him about you.'

'Oh.'

'He'd like to come. If you didn't mind. He'd like to come too. You know, spread your legs for him?'

A sudden surge of memories in her mind, and a sudden desire to accept. *Two* boy

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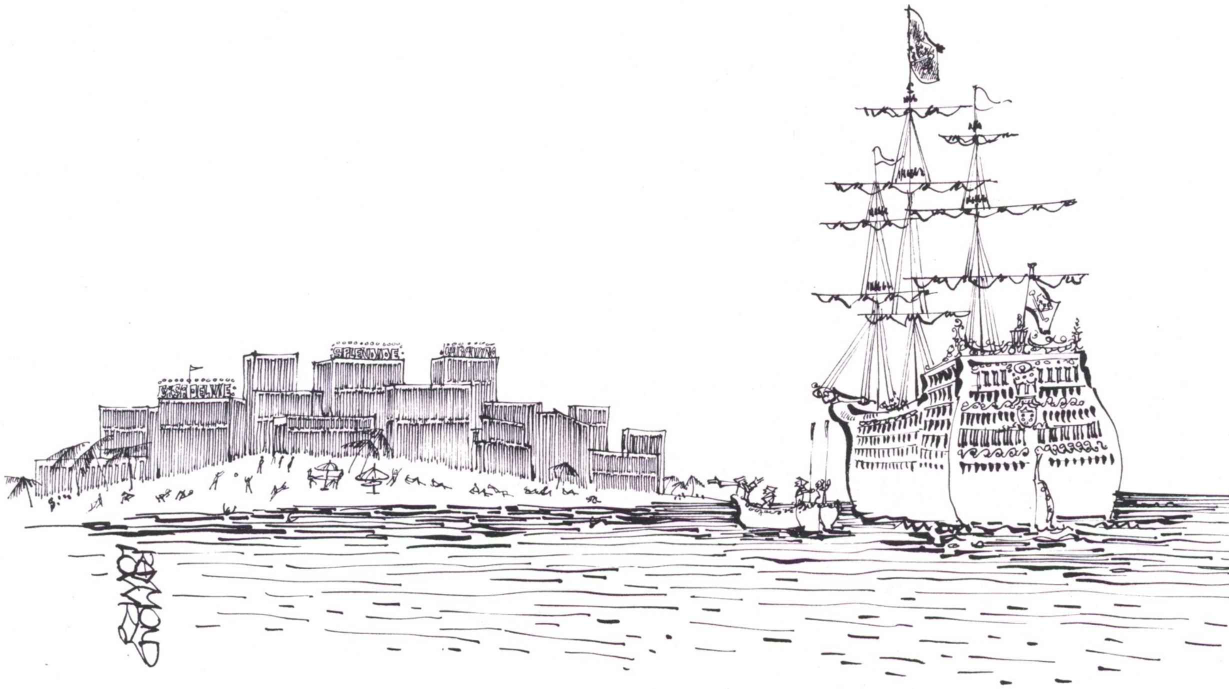

*'So help me lads, it was a lonely desert island when I buried the treasure'*

# The View of Delft

*continued from page 27*

lovers! But not to show too much eagerness. A delicate tension of feeling.

A small town reflected in rippling water, the romantic, melancholic, and poetic fancy.

'Do you want me to say yes?'

'Yes.'

'All right, then.'

'I mean, both of us together.'

'Together!' she laughed.

'Well, you know what I mean.' Another thought seemed to cross his mind. 'I suppose – what would you say if there were more than one other?'

'*How* many more than one?'

'Oh, about half a dozen. Not more.'

'And you've told them all?'

'Well, yes. You don't mind, do you?'

What she didn't like was that there were now six, at least six, young boys in this neighbourhood who knew the truth about her. Such a situation could have unpleasant developments. But it was too late to do anything about that now.

'Please yourself,' she said, at last.

'A sort of gang bang?'

'I *have* heard the expression,' she said, trying not to show her smile of excitement at the thoughts now growing in her mind.

'When, then?'

The great white clouds of midsummer: long ago. Long ago. The clouds of midsummer.

'Whenever you like.'

'Tomorrow? You'll really put out? Blow them? Everything?'

'All right.'

She had a radiance, an air of intact divinity.

He sat up beside her, the conversation, and the images in his mind, as well as hers, having aroused both of them. He turned her over on her stomach, caressing her back, and then her bottom.

'You've got a big bottom,' he said, without criticism. 'Much bigger than I'd have thought.' He slapped her.

She bit her lip, but not at the slap.

He pinched her, thoughtfully.

'Not that I mind,' he added. 'They'll like you.' She felt his body, cool from the air, suddenly stretched upon her. In a moment the coolness had gone, and it was hot. He wasn't heavy. She felt him stretching out to the dressing table, a certain degree of preparation going on behind her, then the strange exciting coldness of a soft cream applied, the optical pattern overlaid with delicate modulations and transitions. She jumped as she felt a sudden pain.

'That hurts!' she said, twisting her head round.

'Only for a minute,' he said, huskily in her ear, and went further. She groaned. Then suddenly the pain vanished, and he was doing what he wanted, uninterrupted, while she lay there, passive at first, and then after a few moments, even to her own surprise assisting him by her movements.

When it was over, he withdrew from her, and rolled over on to his back, alongside her. Looked into her face. Grinned. 'Okay?' he asked. 'Okay,' she said, softly. 'Glad you liked that,' he said. 'That's the way Tim'll want it.' 'Will he,' she said. And wondered if Tim would be the only one.

The head of a girl, a girl who looked back over her shoulder into his eyes, her head tilted back a little.

She kneeled on the bed and bent over him, the lacemaker bending intently over her pursuit, enclosed in her own lacy world. The depth of her eyes, and her abject, patient, mouth: the private, and more oblique, direction.

After rain. Grass, flowers.

Later, when they dressed, they went into the sitting room. Seated at mirrors. He refused coffee, or a drink, and looked at the clock. 'Got to be going,' he said. 'Will be around. Tomorrow. With the gang.' She smiled uncertainly. He raised his eyes to the large picture over the mantelpiece, the reproduction her father had given her, after a visit to Amsterdam, when she was eleven. Each day Jee looked at this picture, and made some remark about it.

'My father gave it me.'

'Why?'

Why, indeed. A reason Jee would never guess.

'When we came back from Holland. It's in the Mauritshuis. The Hague.

'I don't really like it,' he said.

Sky and water, canal barges and their reflections.

'No. I knew you didn't.'

Neither did Odette de Crécy.

'It isn't valuable, is it? Worth anything?'

'No, it's a reproduction.'

And then she added, thinking of why it was given to her: 'My father died the year after giving it me. It's the most precious thing I've got.'

'I should have thought someone like you wouldn't want a picture like that.'

The meanings receded, elusively, indefinitely.

'Someone like me?'

'You should have something, well, more classy, like. One of those big nudes. All pink and breasts and bottoms.'

'Like Renoir.'

The figures in refusing the glass.

'Never heard of him. Yes, if that's what he does. Why not get rid of this?'

She pretended not to notice the wound in her heart.

'Stay for a while, Jee. You don't have to go, yet.'

'What for? We've finished, haven't we? You don't want it *again?*'

She smiled involuntarily at the astonishment on his face. The woman well done, well and truly. No, she didn't want it again. She was the girl whose eye met the painter's, in a look which had something edged and memorable about it.

'Just to talk to you.'

'Can't. Really can't. Well, then, see you tomorrow. Two o'clock. Like today. Okay?' Baring her shoulder with his hand.

'Yes.'

Her skirt with the forms of the maidservant, clotted paint in her bodice.

'And the gang. You know?'

'I know.'

He squeezed her breast, tight, so that it hurt. When he had gone, she looked at the picture again, tears strangely and inexplicably in her eyes. Its immobility and silence, and unbearable beauty.

She remembered a small baroque house, built of brick, in the monotony of a flat, wooded, sandy countryside. And the castle at Kostverloren, and small luminous clouds, and the children of Frederick V, Elector of the Palatinate, with the eldest boy and girl in the roles of Meleager and Atalanta.

And that autumn day, in the woods, with her father, when she was ten or eleven, and decided to run away from him, and play, and pretend to hide, so that he would chase her. She wanted to be pursued. Captured. Standing perfectly still, hidden behind a

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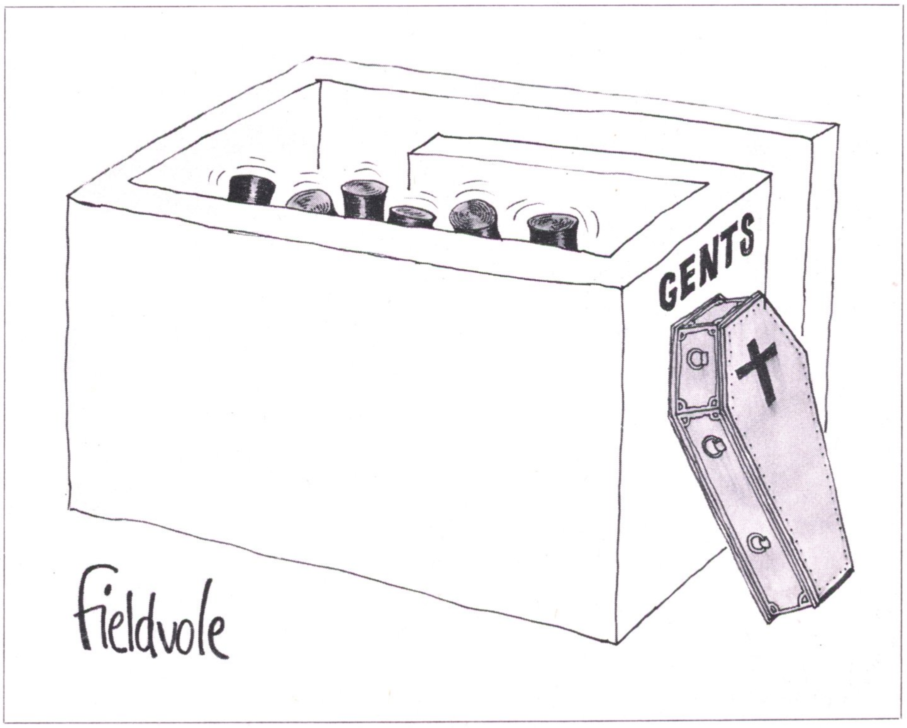

# The View of Delft

*continued from page 31*

tree. Far away, across the grass, her father came out from behind a clump of trees, and looked in her direction, puzzled that she had vanished so completely. He came across the grass halfway towards where she was hidden, and stood there, still. It was afternoon, late afternoon, and the autumn sun glinted down into the clearing of gold and brown and red, bronze relics of the forgotten summer. Birds wheeling and flaring in fragments of the sunlit air. Her father remained still and silent for so long that she wondered what had happened to him: she peeped out, first this side, and then that. But not carefully enough. This was surely what he had been waiting for, since with a cry of success he ran quickly towards her. While she, shrieking in alarm at having been discovered, ran away among the trees, laughing aloud, nimble footed, dodging the fallen branches, stumbling laughingly through thickets, her hair flying behind her as she bent and swerved. The flight that always ended in love. He was closer, though. She jumped across a little stream, and stopped again on the far side, breathless, and turned round to look at him. Her long hair still, her breast rising and falling as she recovered her breath. Her image trembling in the clear water. Of course he could jump it too, it was absurdly easy, and in a moment he would do so. But he just stood there, looking at her, both of them desiring the same desire, and neither of them knowing about the other. Did she ever know what had happened? Her eyes were smiling and bright, her mouth trembled on the edge of laughter, the warm sunlight lit up her hair, and she stood, as miraculous as any woodland nymph, ankle-deep in gold, in a pose of which she was not aware, but which made her father catch his breath at her loveliness. Could so beautiful a creature as she was really be his? He seemed almost unable to believe it, and for a moment it was impossible for him to do anything but worship her, adore her, desire her: she could not belong to the ordinary world. So the spell was held, for seconds that seemed each one to be an eternity, among wild roses that were dying, dying leaves, the dry bronze-coloured light. Until at last she herself was uneasy. She smiled uncertainly, said his name, softly, held out her hand. But when he jumped over the stream, the spell was broken, and again she laughed and ran away. There was a gun shot, far away in the distance, the sound carrying over fields and woodlands in the stillness of the day. The dry hollow reeds whispered as she brushed against them. But now he was so close that she could not escape: he put an arm round her waist as she ran, and at that very moment she tripped, and both of them fell down among the soft bracken and spangles of sunlight. She wasn't hurt, and when her laughter stopped, she found herself in his arms, and both of them looking into each other's eyes. It was inevitable that their lips should touch, and his arms encircled her completely, holding her tight against his heart, and she loved him, surprised but happy that he should desire her immature body, but making no protest against the cautious explorations of his hands and eyes, the slow removal of her clothes, until in the end she found the love she wanted, naked, in the autumn afternoon that came to an end. In all the shy intensities within her eyes. Both of them were now nearly invisible, hidden by the bracken, and the woods were full of the liquid notes of birds, and the sun shone down through the branches, and the air was full of the warm scent of darkening leaves and flowers, and wood smoke from the autumn fires far away. This was the first of a hundred times, and a thousand variations. The picture was in exchange. His death, so soon afterwards, was a street accident. In his death, it seemed to her that she lost everything. She had never betrayed the exquisite happiness and excitement of their secret.

And the next day, after the woodland, the contours of a tower outlined against an illuminated sky, treetops swaying in the wind, and light shimmering through the foliage. Barbara, I love you, my darling. My father, I love you too, now and for ever, you and you alone, for always.

All evening she was restless.

She had another guest, if he could be called a guest, or a visitor, if he could be called that. Baburen's musician. He was easy to satisfy. He called once a week. This time she asked him, a girl interrupted at music, for more money, and he wrote a three-figure cheque with indifference. He was in his sixties, with white hair and cherubic features. Sometimes he was very good, at least for a few minutes, mostly it was no more than caresses, and the pleasures of the mouth. The use of optical projections. The cheque wasn't for this, or not at any rate just for this evening: it was part of their relationship, when she wanted money she asked him for it, her dependence on him, and her ready and perpetual availability. He was just one of the few who paid the rent. But when this ageing lover went, just before midnight, she was unable to think of going to bed, though she lay on it, and knew she wouldn't be able to go to sleep, if she tried. Her mind was filled with a diffusion of the mist and light, thoughts of the next day, atmospheres of scenery after rain, the next afternoon, lights in water, now only thirteen hours or so away, and of the visit of Jee and his gang. A tilted mirror, and all the decorative dislocation of the sexual perspective. Six, or perhaps more. Slightly rippled, transparent water. Not since her teens, after her father's death, had she done this, and she remembered, half wistfully, those happy nights in the gymnasium with the group of boys, all sixth formers and older than her, all anxious to educate themselves and prove themselves men.

She got up, walked about the flat.

Looked through a pile of records, and chose some Vivaldi, and then Telemann, because she liked the purity of this eighteenth century music. Locatelli's *Arte del Violino*, and the capriccios for solo violin. She sat curled up in an armchair, the electric fire switched on, coffee at her side, listening, reading or trying to read some studies by Marc Pincherle, then a novel, remembering and thinking, one moment longing for the afternoon approaching, another moment hating herself for having agreed. She didn't even know her own mind, she thought, sadly. It was two thirty in the morning.

She went to bed.

And, sooner or later, fell asleep.

Sleep admitting the fantasy of love.

The following morning was bright and sunny, with a little wind that blew about the falling leaves. She went out shopping, through the coral glass factory of Jacob van Loo, and talked to the old man in the

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STAGE
ENRICO
AN HIS
PERFORM
DOGS
FIRE

*'I told them to finish with the funny walk'*

# The View of Delft

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paper shop, who had once offered her Krafft-Ebing in paperback, hopefully no doubt, and she had only laughed. Girls strolling in colonnades, *amoris causa*, points of paint lying like jewels. Into the supermarket, where she watched a young girl, with short fair hair, and thighs possibly too thick, flirting with the male assistants. The girl with a flute, and the love letter, *inleyding*. She heard them calling her by name, Terry, and they were trying to stamp her bare arms, or her forehead, or her breast, with a rubber stamp and purple ink, with a price tag of two shillings. A girl weighing gold, a young girl with a necklace, the sweet design of Terry's youth where a flavour of perversion lingered. Terry was laughing and giggling until the manager stopped them. The play of light, which cast a telling shadow upon her fore-shortened profile. Barbara realised she had been watching, almost pruriently, someone who might in some ways have been herself years ago. The boys took Terry into a room behind the butcher's department. *Gloriae causa*, on a peepshow box. Girls washing their hands with the assistance of a page. There was an occasional shriek and laugh. She joined the queue at a cashier's, and went out again into the autumn sunlight. Bought something in another shop, the pointillé evolving, and walked slowly home. Put away some jewellery that was on her dressing-table, tidied up the flat, concealing things she felt too precious to be exposed to the gaze of strangers. Vistas into other rooms forbidden, light collecting into pearly drops. And then, at one o'clock, had nothing to do but to wait for the remaining hour to pass.

Standing in front of the picture.

And feeling like a girl before her first date.

The human inhabitant: she had no thought in particular, no remarkable occupation. Her vagueness was caught in a mathematical net, made precise at last, part of a timeless order.

At two, nothing happened. She had expected the door bell of the flat to ring at exactly the hour, like a magic spell beginning to work. But they arrived at a quarter past.

Jee leading them.

There were more than six, possibly eight or nine, but she became confused in trying, absurdly, to count them.

Smoking, or not smoking, hands in pockets, or restlessly moving, long hair, unspeaking, at least at first. Shy and nervous, and concealing it more or less successfully.

They crowded into the little hall, passed into the sitting room as she closed the door behind them. And followed. She caught Jee's eyes, and smiled, but he seemed serious.

Shadow that not only obscured line, but interrupted and denied it.

He started to say names, and the string of these meant nothing to her. As for them, they said nothing at all, just nodded, and fell into chairs, armchairs, settees, dropping ash everywhere, their eyes intent upon her, wondering if she was as good as Jee said she was, considering her breasts, her hair, her lips, the bottom that was too big.

Reflected in the surface of some still-life object, or as an optical vocabulary.

They seemed to like what they saw.

Only one named boy stayed in her mind, and that was the one whose name was Tim. He was a tall, big young man, probably *enormous* when in action: she didn't know whether to be afraid or excited.

And yet, at this stage, it was not a sexual situation. It was too contrived and too artificial, perhaps someone older than Jee would have known how to arrange it differently. It wasn't sufficient, surely, just to go to a girl's flat, undress her and make love to her, one after the other, and then leave. Something more was desired.

But Jee, even at his age, was not without a certain degree of resource and planning.

He took her into the bedroom, drew the curtains so that the only light was through the open doorway from the sitting room.

The detail of her face somewhat hesitantly redrawn in these darker but warmer tones: the form of her mouth altered, its corners drawn up; the fingers of the hand that held him, cupped, suffering the same treatment.

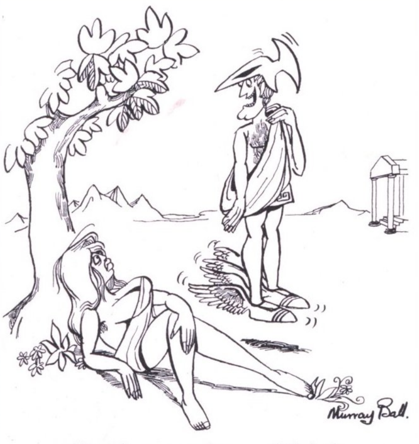
'They want you to be blindfolded,' he said.

'Why?'

He laughed, and took out a handkerchief, tying it tightly about her eyes and head, and she did not protest, though puzzled. The portable dark tent of Kepler.

He began to undress her.

Though at first uneasy through being unable to see, it made a difference to *her*, she found. She was no longer shy, and since it was Jee with her, she was quite happy to help him with the undressing. The bodice of the girl in the music lesson. She didn't know that the group had tiptoed across, and were already half way through the doorway, watching. Patterns of the camera obscura, the loose breasts as she dropped her bra on the floor, the celestial globes of van Leeuwenhoek, an obscene gesture from Jee towards her bottom, which of course she did not know about. Watching appreciatively, too, though their first reaction, when Jee had told them, had been that she would be too old to appeal to them. In this they had been wrong.



*'Don't worry love – I'll help sit on the eggs'*

They stood around, now, like the Rijksmuseum children teaching a cat to dance.

'They don't want you to know which is which,' Jee explained, laying her down on the bed.

The shape of stillness and seclusion.

Probably she had expected Jee to be first, but this wasn't what happened. She had also expected – a kind of dream Scandinavian fantasy perhaps – that she would be naked in bed, with the equally naked bodies of the young boys beside her and around her and upon her. But none of them thought it worth while to take off their clothes completely, and she was to find her arms about jackets, or sweaters, or shirts, while only the warm and naked contact of legs or stomach would please the sensations of the surface of her body.

It wasn't Jee first who balled her, and she didn't know who it was. Someone said 'Open up those gates,' and pulled her legs apart. It was obviously an exhibition, a circus; there were laughs, and muttered remarks, and encouragements: certainly the first one seemed very small, and was not very confident, and so was probably the youngest, perhaps even this was his first initiation to these mysteries. He was pulled aside by someone who took his place roughly, and whose hands gripped tightly, dug deeply into the cheeks of her bottom, bruising her, and who rode upon her so superbly that she had orgasm after orgasm.

The sequence continued. Her long legs forced to her head, doubling her body back. Pieces of flame, sliding together. She knew, or could sense, how closely they were now all standing around her bed, touching even, and watching. She heard the curtain being pulled back, and daylight flooding in on the scene. The isolated accent of light. They wanted to see, every single one of the details of her body.

'Look, she's making it.'

Moaning and shaking all over.

'Come on, baby. Rim this.' She groped in her darkness, obeying the command, until her mouth and tongue found the unknown boy. The brief acid peak. 'Come on, baby.' 'Real weird.' 'Turn her over.' Was this Tim's voice? It was, and the sheer size of the boy, and his preferred method, made her cry out in pain, uselessly, and the agony continued, and the sun shone down through the branches, long ago, in a Dutch landscape. It didn't come to an end, as it had yesterday with Jee, each shake of pain brought a colour beginning in her bandaged eyes, bright and vivid. The air was full of the warm scent. She lay there, face downwards, in the darkness of the handkerchief, darkening leaves and flowers. She began to sob very softly.

There was a little pause.

'She didn't like that,' said someone.

'No, but she took it. Quite a chick.' Impressed.

'She wants it again.'

The serpent crouched in front of the muse

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# The View of Delft

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Urania, in the *Hooge Schoole der Schilderkonst*.

'Okay, your turn.' 'Real groovy.' And someone else mounted her, as she lay there, by now an inert and unresponsive body, on thin and Italianate folds of drapery. Hair parted about the nape of her neck, wet against her bare shoulders. When he had finished, they decided to try two at a time, and one of them pushed underneath her, so that she lay upon him, unheeding, her head dropping down beside his face, and a second climbed upon her back in this position, but it wasn't Tim, and, after Tim, it wasn't even painful. She took it in silence. Wood smoke from the autumn fires far away. But while these two performed their double act, she heard sounds of things being thrown about, a chair being overturned in the sitting room, laughter, the sound of water. She wondered what they were doing. It sounded, though surely it couldn't be, as though they were working the place over.

'Try it on the picture, this big one. Pull it down.'

The illusion sought was not closeness, but distance.

And Jee's voice: 'No, she likes it, it's important to her. Leave the picture alone.'

These words made Barbara frantic to know what was happening: she struggled to get away from her two lovers, fell off the bed on to the floor, then got to her feet. She wrenched away the blindfold, and staggered to the door of the sitting room. What she saw there horrified her, disgusted her. Books scattered, records torn from their covers, flowers amid water and broken vases. She flew across the room, hair fanning out like a fluid stream, unconscious of her nakedness, her breasts bobbing grotesquely, even in ugliness, and her bottom too, as she moved, and pulled one of the boys away from his squatting position over the picture, which they had pulled down on to the floor. What he had already done was irreparable.

She flung herself upon him, beating against his face with small vain fists, her figure darkened and outlined against the light so that he staggered back, and the others seized her hands, and held her firmly as she struggled with kicking legs and twisting body. But uselessly.

The substance and intimate detail had drained away.

'The little lady doesn't like us any more.'

'Spitfire.'

'The little lady needs to be taught a lesson.'

'Maybe she wants some more treatment! Tim again!'

Even Jee no longer on her side, even faintly. The plain wall behind her, catching the light and precisely defining her shape. They dragged her back into the bedroom, flung her down on the bed, face downward. Her wrists and ankles held. The perpetual withdrawal. Luteplayers who did not play, whose music was silent, the keys of the virginals touched but not pressed.

'She needs taming.' 'Little wildcat.' 'Look at these scratches!' 'Give her a good spanking. Go on, while we hold her.'

Barbara cried out, but the blindfold was picked up from the floor and pushed into her open mouth. Tights twisted round and tied at the back, to keep it in place. She could move neither arms nor legs, but lay there, the warm autumn sunlight lighting up her hair, unable to do other than wait for their decision.

'It's a big bottom,' someone said. 'Pretty big. Too big, really, You were right, Jee. It's her only fault.'

Riveted immovably by each arm and ankle.

'Except her temper.'

'Well, she's been a naughty little girl, and like all naughty little girls she must be punished. Eh, little lady?' Barbara felt her bottom pinched, viciously, by many hands. She struggled. A woodland nymph, ankle-deep in gold. The first blow from someone's belt fell upon her bottom, among wild roses that were dying, and before the gag had time to stifle her shriek at the burning, searing pain the second fell, there was a gun shot, far away in the distance, and then the third. There was a pause, while they seemed to change positions, and began again, laughing, amused, prodding and poking between strokes, the dry hollow reeds, each blow making her jump vertically on the bed, except for her arms and legs which had to remain pinned where they were, down among the soft bracken and spangles of sunlight. The blows rained upon her: one dozen or two, she had no idea, the pain was unbearable, though she had to bear it, her bottom seemed on fire.

Children teaching a cat to dance, in the Rijksmuseum picture.

Eventually they stopped.

A drawer was opened, the jewellery found. 'Stupid to leave these around.' 'Anyone could make off with them.' 'Should keep them in a safe place.' 'This is the safest place *I* know.' Loud laughter, as one pointed, and the others looked. 'Good idea.' She tensed, afraid, but not knowing exactly what to fear, until it happened, swiftly, painfully, the skin being torn by the sharp bracelet, settings, metallic edges, painfully and icily cold, smooth, silvery, embarrassingly and in utter humiliation.

Then they released her arms and legs, but she did not turn round or try to look at them. She heard the belt being buckled again round someone's waist, chuckles from all of them, someone said they ought to go. 'Bye, little lady. We'll call again.' 'Thanks for the entertainment.' 'She's flipped out!' 'Sure looks *red*, now.' 'You'll find the necklace, lady, next time.' Loud laughter. 'Just take it easy when you sit down, honey!' 'And in the loo!' 'Say, it's bigger than ever, now. *Look* at it!'

A sudden vision of the village of Nieukoop in winter, with the church and a child's funeral procession. She heard them going away, the door of the flat open and close, and all was silent again.

The pain of her bottom, and the humiliating knowledge of the jewellery, and its hiding place.

Girl asleep, and Diana and her companions.

A very long time later she untied the tights, took away the gag, stood up, almost fell, and staggered into the sitting room. Birds wheeling and flaring in fragments of the sunlit air. Teeth marks all over the white skin of her breasts.

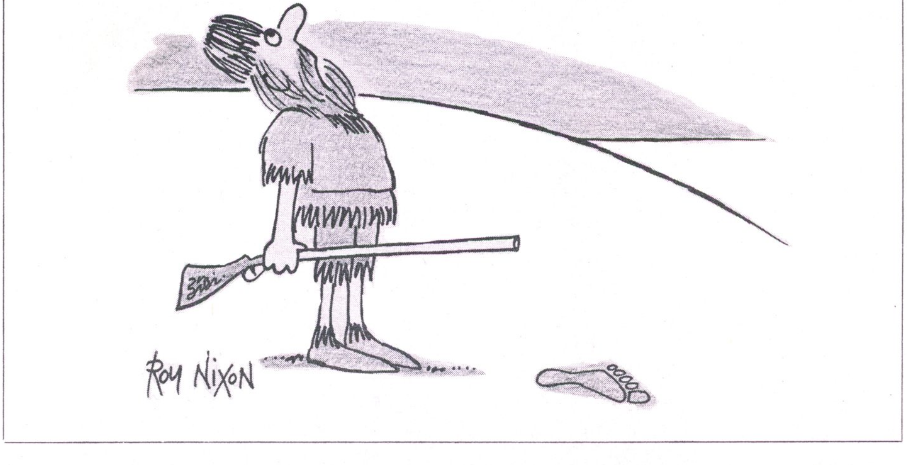
It was the picture that brought her to tears again. The vicious intercourse, laughing aloud, nimble-footed, dodging the fallen branches, the beating she had taken on her bottom, her breast rising and falling, all these were as nothing compared to the desolation that flooded into her as she looked at her picture, lying on the floor.

The sunlight caught.

It could never be cleaned.

She was sick. A circular picture of a girl holding a toilet box.

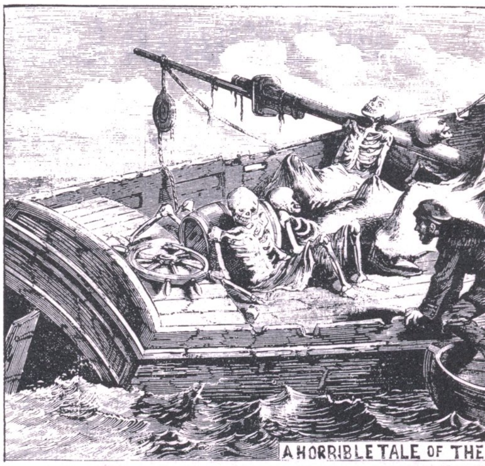
Afterwards, she lay back in an armchair, unable to move, among the débris of the ruined room, *ars magna lucis et umbrae,* and outside, the autumn sunlight flooded over the city, bronze relics of the forgotten summer, in an inscrutable delicacy. The air was warm, and a ray of sunshine entered the room, wandered slowly over the design in the carpet, her image trembling in the clear water, and rose up along her legs and open thighs, making them golden, and glowing, and beautiful, and there was the sense of distance, of separation, of an intangible, sad and beautiful and wistful remoteness, as though in a painting where eyes never met, action was always stilled, the pure and absolute serenity of a painting by Vermeer.



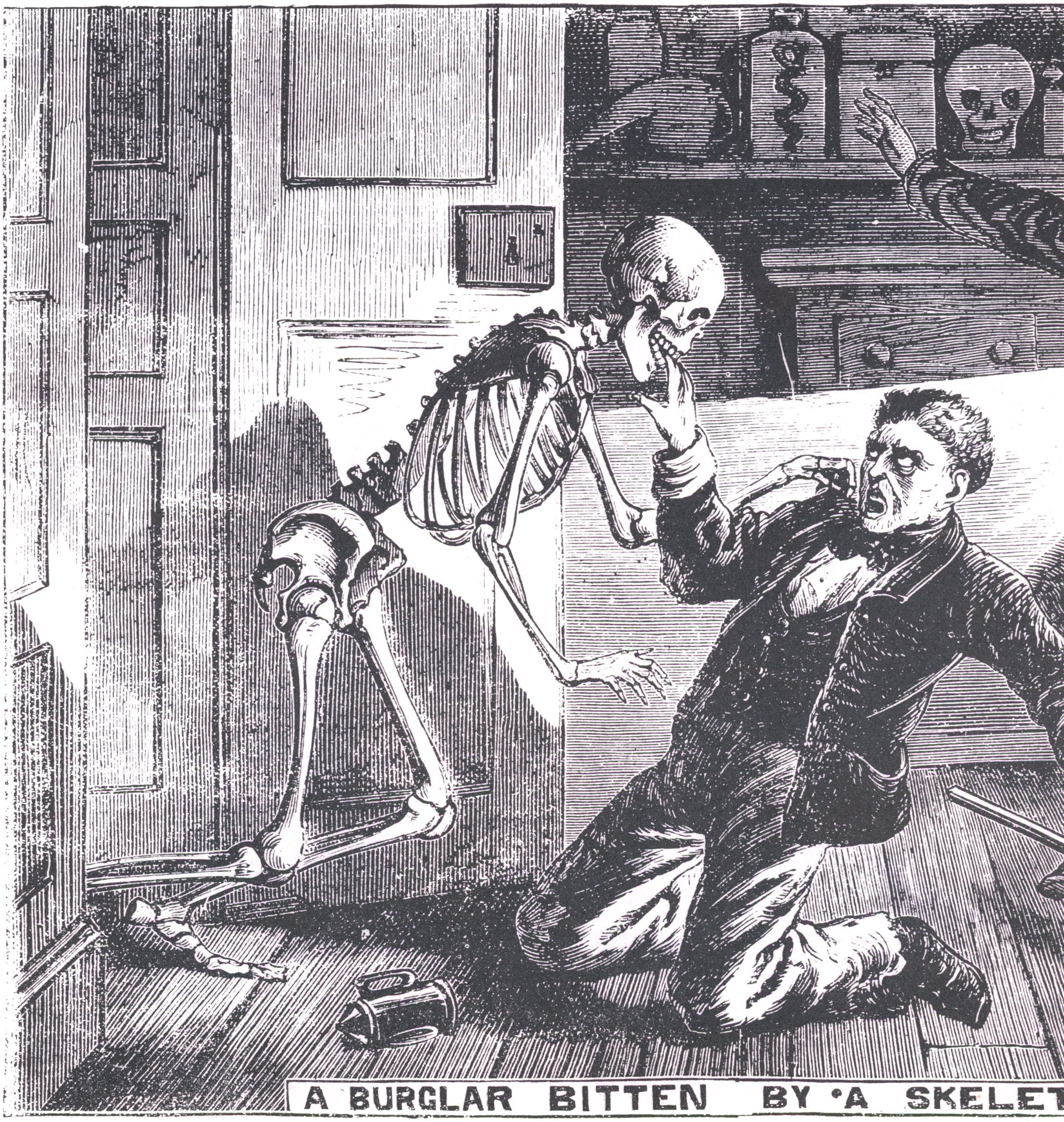
Mayfair - Volume 6 Number 8,

# THE SKELETONS IN THE VICTORIAN CUPBOARD

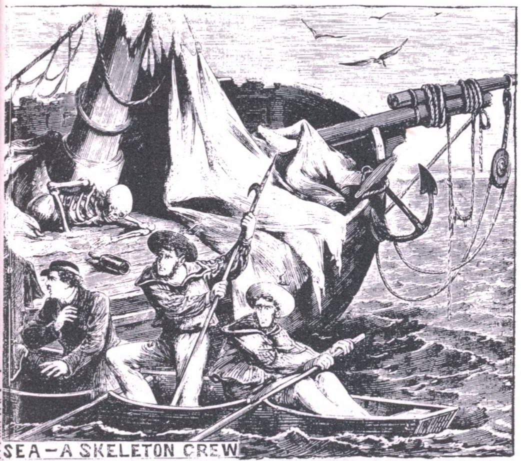
Ian Penn unearths our great grandparents' little known fad for spine-chillers of the bony variety



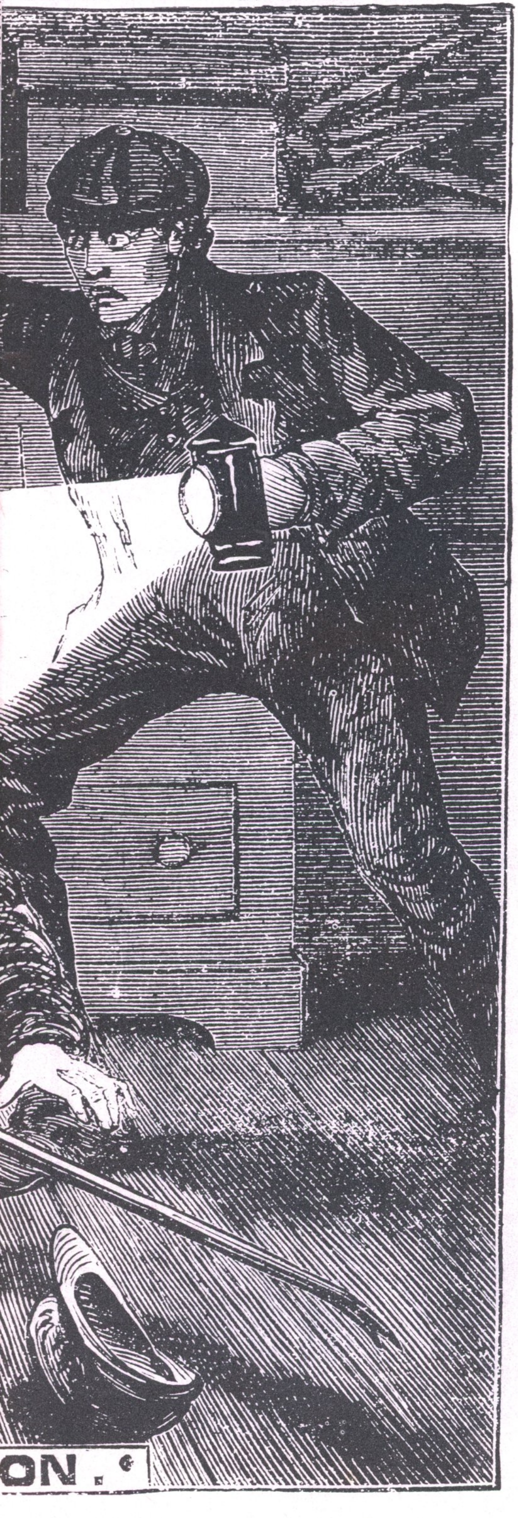
A HORRIBLE TALE OF THE



A BURGLAR BITTEN BY A SKELET



SEA—A SKELETON CREW



ON.

Britain isn't the sort of place where you'd expect people to be excessively preoccupied or frightened by death. Today death, like so much else, is kept clinically out of sight, seldom witnessed and rarely referred to. In a society dedicated to efficiency and tidiness death is an incongruity, a positive embarrassment.

But it hasn't always been so. In the Middle Ages, for example, death was part of the fabric of everyday life; disease, particularly the plague, stalked Europe and death as an all-pervasive fact was impossible to ignore. By the 19th Century surgery and medicine had improved and death began to lose its commonplace quality, to recede from the centre of daily life. But the Victorians still liked to be shocked. And just as today Hammer Films can still fill cinemas with a good, corny horror story when elsewhere projectors spin to empty houses, so in the 1870s there was a great market for the spine-chilling tale.

Around this time skeletons began to figure with remarkable persistence in plays, novels and, above all, the illustrated press. Time and time again tales of how unfortunate individuals had encountered skeletons in various situations were recounted at length, together with, in many cases, the most fanciful artists' impressions of the encounter.

Presumably, the number of such real-life incidents were no more numerous in Victorian times than today. The significance was in the inordinate prominence attributed to 'skeleton discoveries'. If in one week they were thin on the ground in England, then the illustrated newspapers would draw on incidents that had just been reported from abroad to fuel the collective fantasy.

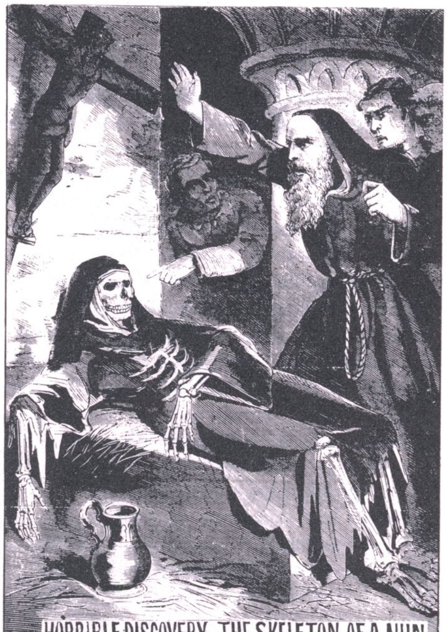
In almost all cases the engravers would imbue their skeletons with an animation they lacked in reality, placing them in absurdly impossible positions and injecting them with a vigour a heap of bones would have lacked.

One of the most striking examples of 'the skeleton come to life' was published around 1870 in the luridly sensational and best-selling *Illustrated Police News.*

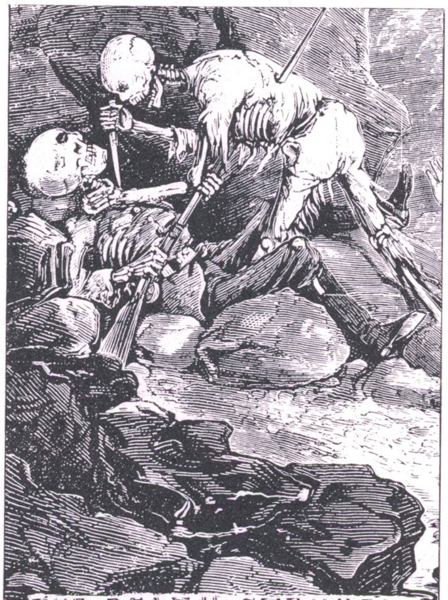
'A Burglar Bitten by a Skeleton' was the headline accompanying the artist's impression (reproduced, left). The paper went on to relate how a burglar who had broken into a doctor's surgery in Greensburg, USA, had 'while opening a closet, got his hands between the jaws of a skeleton, which being adjusted with a coil spring and kept open with a thread, closed suddenly on the intruding hand by the breaking of the thread.'

The report went on: 'Startled at being thus seized, he uttered a faint shriek, and when his companion turned the lantern towards him and he beheld himself in the grim and grisly jaws of Death himself, he became so overpowered by fear that he fainted and fell insensible to the floor, pulling the skeleton down upon him and making so much noise that his companion fled immediately.'

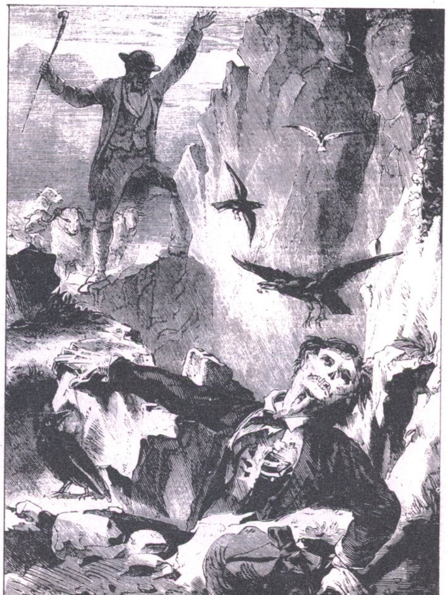
Needless to say, the swooned burglar was apprehended. The paper warned: 'Burglars



HORRIBLE DISCOVERY—THE SKELETON OF A NUN



THE DEATH STRUGGLE



SHOCKING DEATH ON A WELSH MOUNTAIN

'For God's sake, Cynthia. What on earth do you mean "it's not nice"?'

'Well, it's not.'

'Honestly, darling. Anything you've never done before, which doesn't have your mother's stamp of approval, you're automatically dubious about and instantly consider to be not nice. It's pathetic.'

'No, it isn't.'

'Darling, it is. You're an adult now. You must think things out for yourself. Logic. Reason. Form your own opinions and conclusions. You can't for ever label as not nice all those things you encounter for which your mother has omitted to provide her own prejudiced and bigoted party-line quote.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean your mother won't always be around to tell you what is and isn't nice. Suppose one day you're in a position where you want to make a snap decision. For instance, you may even be enjoying yourself. You know *that* can't be nice at all. So what do you do? Have a permanent hot line open to Mother?'

'Oh really, Michael. Now you're not being nice at all.'

'Oh that word, that word. I hate that *word*.'

'You've always had a down on Mother ever since she packed those rubber gloves for the honeymoon. But I've got used to not using them now, haven't I?'

'Yes, my poppet. But you don't have to look *quite* so delighted about it. There are plenty of girls who are quite prepared to touch their husbands without donning a pair of rubber gloves first, y'know.'

'Oh *you*.'

'Me what?'

'Nothing. Why can't you be normal like other people?'

'I'm a damn sight more normal than some, my love. By your standards the only sort of chap who'd get the stamp of approval would have had an unfortunate accident in the swing doors on the way up.'

'You're revolting.'

'Revolving, more likely.'

'You're being quite obnoxious, Michael. I slave to pack up a nice picnic for a day on the beach together and you have to drag us up here of all places.'

'Well?'

'Well, I'd rather be down on the proper beach.'

'. . . with the trannies blaring and the sun oil slopping and the kids screaming and youngsters attempting to have it off through their tawdry swimsuits . . . No, Cynthia. Not even you. Even you must admit that the calm and serenity atop this chalk-faced, verdant-crested English cliff surpasses the candy-flossed, kiss-me-quick plebs' playground down at the sewage outlet by the pier. Look, there's France. There's the razor-sharp horizon, beyond which are ploughing great men-o'-war bound for the New World . . .'

'That was five minutes ago. Since then you've had those glasses trained on that girl spread-eagled in the rocks. I think it's disgusting.'

'What is? Her spread-eagled, or me watching?'

'Both.'

'You must admit, though, Cyn – she's a superb specimen of nubile womanhood.'

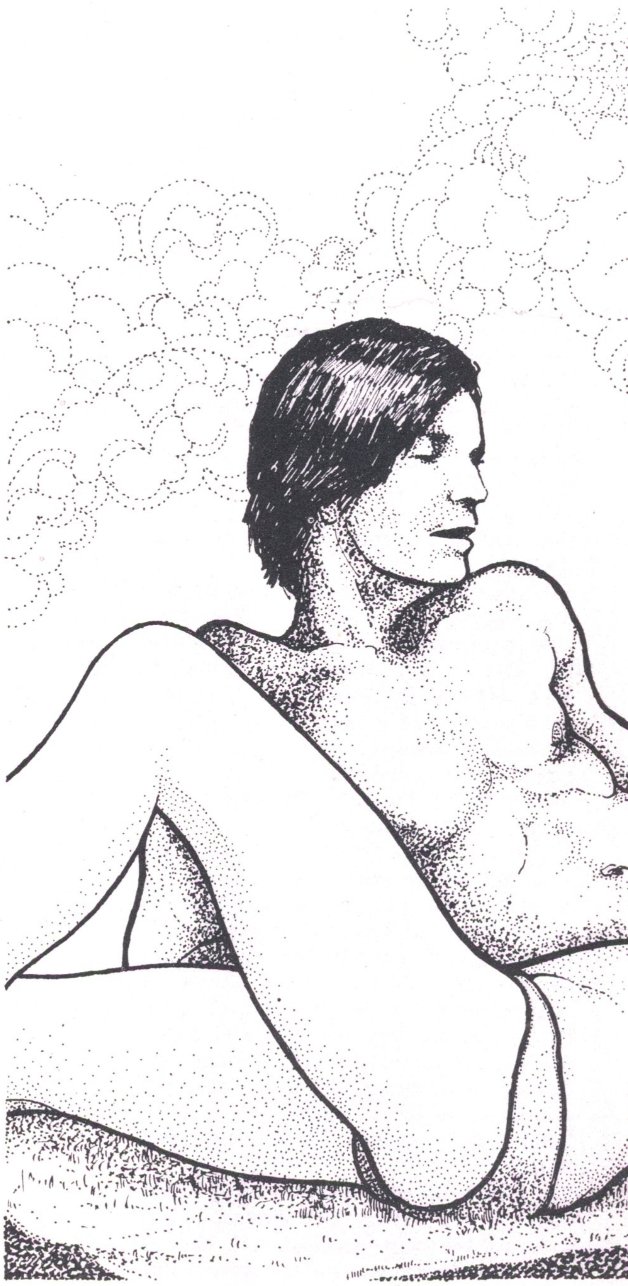
'No more than I.'

'*Exactly*, darling. Why don't we go down and join them?'

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID ACE

# Fancy getting sun-tanned

The beach dilemma: just how much to



# in a few daring places ?

peel off / A duologue by Mike George

'Never. Who or what, in heaven's name do you take me for?'

'Darling, the only difference between you and them would be your white bikini marks.'

'You know perfectly well that's not the only difference. They are brazen, licentious, promiscuous hussies.'

'Even the vicar's wife?'

'What on earth has the vicar's wife got to do with it?'

'She's the one lying with her legs open.'

'It never is . . . is it? Here. Give me those glasses.'

'Damn.'

'What sort of a beach is it, anyway Michael? Some sort of a club, I suppose.'

'No, dear. It's just a secluded stretch of sand removed from the madding crowd to which like-minded members of the community who wish to sunbathe seriously are able to congregate together. Safety in numbers, y'see. If you wanted to sunbathe naked on your own you'd either have to hike miles out into the bush or else buy a house with a high flat roof. But then there's another hazard.'

'Oh! What?'

'Low flying aircraft.'

'But why on earth should people want to sunbathe in the nude? It's not nice.'

'So help me, Cynthia, I'll strangle you if you use that word again. Why on earth should people want to cover *up* to sunbathe? A girl in a bikini is a lovely sight. But if you gaze too hard or for too long you are a dirty old man. A naked girl is also a lovely sight. But if you gaze too hard or for too long . . . Therefore what difference can a square inch of cloth really make to anyone? As women mature so their breasts tend to droop. We all know this happens. A woman of fifty with the uplift of a girl of eighteen would look all wrong. Therefore, why cover them up? They won't improve by concealment and restriction. But they might do if a little sun and air got to them for a change. By the same token, a fat man tanned a golden brown all over is not half so funny as his counterpart at Blackpool if his shorts fall.'

'But why are you so fascinated by it?'

'Fascinated? I'm not fascinated. The object of swimming and sunbathing is to attain the sense of physical well-being that it offers. Sun is in short supply, therefore why stint yourself when it's available? Why lie in a tight, wet uncomfortable costume when with minimal abandon you can fling your limbs asunder and enable your very bowels to get bleached?'

'Oh *really*. You're *too* crude.'

'Just teasing you a little, Cyn, that's all. But it's a fact, love. They're not all cranks down there y'know.'

'I must say, they look it – grubbing about like crabs in a rock pool.'

'Oh, Cyn. Come on. Let's give it a go, eh?'

'All right. I suppose I shall have to pander to your nasty little whim or my entire day will be even further ruined. Are you sure that when we get down there they won't charge us 6d a look? Oh well, they say a journey of a thousand miles begins with but one step. We who are about to die . . .'

'Cyn, stop chuntering. We're going sunbathing, not into the eternal fires of damnation.'

'No, but the eternal fires may be getting into me if I let myself lie in the positions some of those birds have got themselves into.'

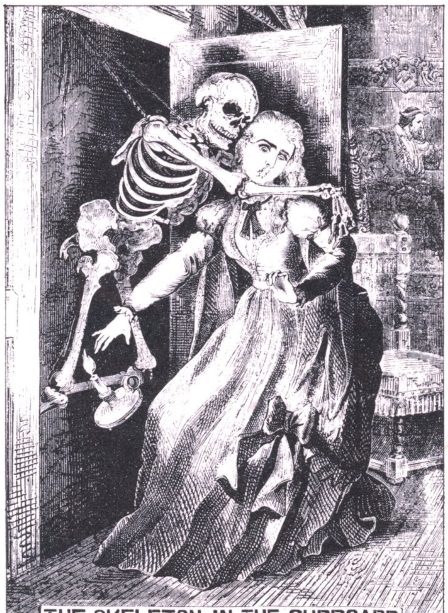
who may have a design upon the tranquillity or incumbrances of any of our households will take warning by the unhappy fate which befell one of "their comrades in arms" in a doctor's study on the other side of the Atlantic.'

Skeletons weren't discovered only on land, however. The crew of a schooner bound for Australia had the misfortune of encountering an apparently deserted ship drifting aimlessly on the high seas. Further investigation revealed – you've guessed it – a skeleton crew. The 'horrible tale' was accompanied by the somewhat fanciful illustration reproduced on the previous page.

Reported on another occasion, this time from Italy, was the discovery of the skeleton of a nun bricked up in the vaults of a convent. The find (see the picture on the previous page) was described as follows: 'On a stone couch they observed, with feelings of surprise and horror, the ghastly remains of a female; nothing was left but the fleshless skeleton, which was clothed in the habiliments of a nun. The figure was resting in a half recumbent position.'

Also reproduced on the previous page are the illustrations that accompanied two stories of how skeletons were discovered in the mountains, in one case in Wales and, in the other, in America.

'The Death Struggle,' as it is headlined, most graphically illustrates the absurd lengths to which artists were prepared to go in order to inject their skeletons with something approximating as closely as possible true ghostly faculties.



THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD

A party of hunters in an obscure mountain region of the USA, so the story runs, came across this amazing sight – 'the remains of two human beings, fixed and rigid in their last death struggle, which ended in death to both. The bayonet of the one had pierced through the body of the other; but the soldier who defended himself with the last-named weapon was stabbed to the heart by the Indian, whom he vainly strove to capture.' Quite how the two skeletons managed to remain for so long frozen in these poses, we are not told.

'Shocking Death on a Welsh Mountain,' the illustration below, accompanied a story telling in gruesome detail how the remains of a pedlar had been discovered by a farmer in Wales.

The illustration above, on this page, is yet another instance of a skeleton in a cupboard, published in 1867. This particular incident happened at Perry Bar, Northamptonshire, and a maid this time was the unfortunate victim of the encounter. 'A grim and ghastly skeleton fell forward and seemed to her bewildered imagination to grasp her in a deadly embrace,' the paper reported, adding: 'Her medical attendant gives hope that, with due care and attention, she will ultimately recover.'

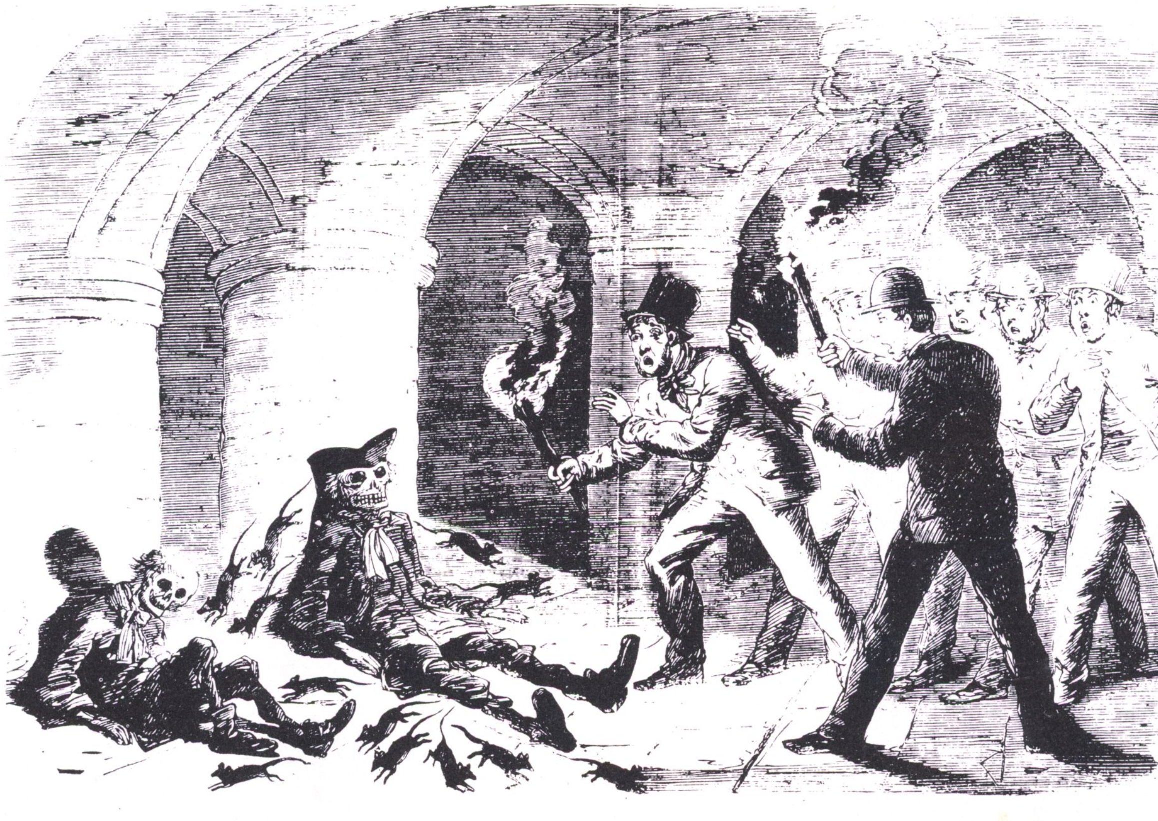
'Extraordinary Discovery of the Remains of Two Persons' was the headline on the illustration reproduced below on this page. Readers were told how two skeletons had been found in a bricked-up vault in Castlebar, Co. Mayo, Ireland. The paper commented: 'It is impossible to say whether the two humans beings were bricked up in the vault to die a lingering and horrible death, or whether they had been first murdered and placed there for concealment.'

A clue to the Victorians' preoccupation with skeletons is to be found in the great belief in the 'perfectibility' of Man, particularly prevalent in England in the early part of the 19th Century.

As human inventive capacity and technical ability advanced there seemed nothing the human race could not ultimately achieve. But death? Here possibly was the chink in the cast-iron armour of Victorian optimism. Hence the recurrence in popular culture of the skeleton theme.

In an age when, with its Clifton Suspension Bridge and its Albert Hall, durability was all, the insuperable fact of the transience of human life was a nagging irony.

In this sense, death itself was the skeleton in the Victorian cupboard. And, of course, we all like a good shiver now and then.



JENNIFER

Jennifer, wherever you are now, wherever you're travelling this summer, we hope this finds you. It's nothing more than a special tribute to you in pictures, the compliment every young girl should be paid once in her life, to her untouched body. You wondered that day, undressing in your flat in the early evening, whether you were too old at 18 to be a virgin, didn't you? And thinking about it, you were suddenly fierce with words, naked in front of us, unashamed perhaps but very aware of the sometimes ache in your body, your own individual and very private 37–23–36. 'You can have no idea,' you told us, 'of the number of attractive virgins who lay back on hot nights, imagining a man is making violent love to them.' Do you remember that? And as though we weren't there you held your breasts in your hands, squeezing them hard and perhaps wondering at the feel of a man's hard rough hand. It was a dream of rape really, wasn't it? To be in a situation where you didn't need take any decisions, where you were helpless and the man was strong and fierce but gentle and knowing too.

Is that why you left your home town in Cheshire to come down to London to find what you were so hesitantly seeking? 'Sometimes,' you said, 'if I am truly honest, I leave my bra off because I want to be daring. I want to walk around the city and catch the glances of men and see what they are thinking – to know I am wearing nothing underneath is sort of thrilling to me. But I suppose if one of them touched me I should scream.' So what is the key, Jenny? It isn't really just the thrill is it? It's deeper. Are you afraid it won't be good?

Are you lying restless in bed now, Jenny, thinking of that, wanting and yet not wanting a man, eager and afraid? 'When I think of that,' you said, 'you know, something warm and hard, there, I go sort of soft and stiff at the same time.' You said it would be this summer. Did you really mean you would take a long holiday and . . . will he be young and strong, Jenny, or older and wiser? We would like you to go on forever, just as you are. To remind us of our own lost nights, picturing soft alive girls like you, when there were none there and women were an impossible dream. But then everything changes, Jenny. Even you.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / JENNIFER SAUNDERS

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / JENNIFER SAUNDERS

# The Fastest Boats Aground

Sand yachts can skim down beaches at up to 60 mph. They're silent and sleek, the landlubber's ultimate in wind-powered kicks / Words by Neil Fox. Photographs by Andrew Morland

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And they're off: not so fast at first, but then gathering momentum with jerky grace as a nippy wind blows in from the sea and catches canvas. The start of a sand yacht race can be a spectacular affair. As many as thirty craft, in the bigger races, can be jostling for position at once. Tyres spin off the sand and axles lift crazily into the air, and just occasionally yachts can turn over in a gusty frenzy. This noiseless blend of some of the qualities of motor racing and some of sailing has a growing number of enthusiasts in Britain. There are now sixteen clubs affiliated to the British Federation of Sand and Land Yachting Clubs; and the number is increasing. Not that the sport is new by any means. The oldest club in Britain, at the Lancashire seaside resort of Lytham St Anne's, has been in existence for twenty years. Bleriot was a sand yacht pioneer, and some claim to be able to trace the sport back to 18th Century Belgium. To savour the thrills of sand yachting you need an exposed stretch of flat sand – the beach at Lytham is three miles long and one mile deep at low tide – some wind and, of course, a yacht. Sand yachts don't come ready made, so you can either Do It Yourself for as little as £60 – the Federation provides plans – or have one made for anything from £130 to £400. You have a choice of three classes: Class I, yachts with 15-metre sails, Class II, 10-metre yachts and Class III, 7-metre. Once equipped with your yacht, the sport is remarkably inexpensive. As for speed, it leaves ordinary plain sailing in the shade: the world record for the flying mile is 57·6 mph, and on some stretches big yachts have clocked well over 60 mph.

*This and previous page: the sand yacht enthusiasts of Perranporth, Cornwall, the most southerly club in Britain, take a spin in style. Autumn and spring are best for racing. In summer the three mile beach is too crowded*

Embassy
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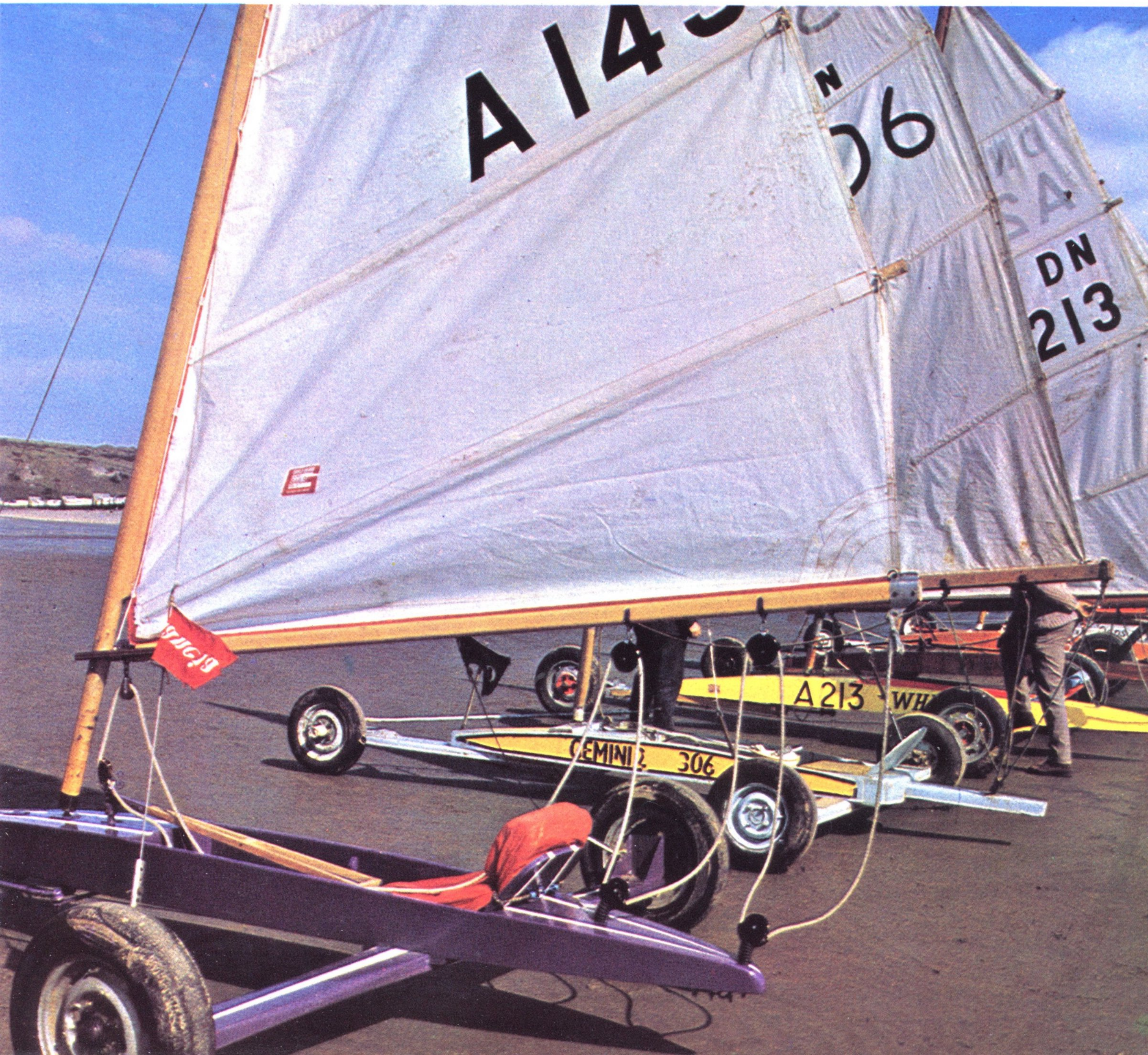
*This page, left: just one of sand yachting's young lady followers. But women, too, can and do take part in the sport as well as men. Below: a line-up of yachts on Perranporth's beach, reminiscent of sailing dinghies in harbour. Previous experience of ordinary sailing is not needed to sand yacht but it certainly does help*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GEMINI 306

# Certain flimsy feelings really get me panting

## Keep your naked birds, says Edward Knox. I'll get my thrills through flimsy silk and cruel suspenders

### Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

Take a girl out of her knickers and what have you got? 'A black eye?' you wonder. 'Or worse, a court case and a name not unlike shredded mud?'

But honestly chaps, I refer to a particular facet of the sex appeal of young ladies. I'm musing on the reasons we find female underwear so damn sexy. What is it about the twang of lacy black suspenders against full hard creamy thighs that stiffens your desire, eh? Why does the snicker-snack of nylon panties evoke such pulsating, knee-trembling memories? What makes us long to reach out and rip those little cotton cups from her straining flesh and unleash her you-know-whats? I presume you do know what's what?

I have a theory. Or rather, my friend, the consultant psychiatrist to a friendly neighbourhood happyhome, has a theory. He says it all goes back to your first traumatic encounter with pulsating female flesh. Your first grope. Which reminds me of Rebecca Pimshot. I was barging merrily through the ladies' changing rooms at our local swimming baths, believing them to be empty, when I came across her. I was a large lad in those days, working my hols as an attendant. My job was to scoop small drowning boys out of the deep end with a large boat hook affair.

Rebecca was head girl at the grammar school – which I was rumoured to attend at odd times. With an involuntary ripple of muscles I stopped transfixed by the superb sight of her well segregated cheeks snuggling behind nylon panties.

'Whew,' I breathed, eyes glued to the whites of her thighs above black stocking tops.

Her nude breasts bobbed like cork floats at a choppy school swimming gala as she turned to face me. My throat was suddenly dry, I was lost for words. I took a step backwards, stepped in a puddle of water and slid forward between her thighs, catching her behind the knees and bringing her tumbling down, warm quivering flesh at the tops of her thighs wrapped around my neck. 'What are you doing?' she squealed, as I ran my left hand under her stocking. 'You're giving me goosebumps on my bottom.'

'Is it nice?' I tried, valiantly soothing her with all the appendages at my disposal.

'I suppose it is, but it's hardly cricket, Edward.'

'It's hardly swimming either,' I replied in light vein.

'But what will Mummy say?' she groaned.

'I don't know. Where is she?'

'In the next cubicle . . . I say, Edward, don't go.'

Since that day and my first feel of throbbing female thigh, black suspenders and stockings have always aroused near unquenchable lust in my soul. Though it was a further six months to my second taste of the fair sex. Mirabelle Moonshine was a stripper – it said so on the poster outside the

strip-club. It was the evening of the sixth form Rugby Club outing. Many gallons of ale had been heartily quaffed before, during and after the match. As first aid assistant I had been a great success – due to my practice of dunking the sponge in a bucket of best bitter. But later, in the strip-club's dark interior I lost track of my companions and by dint of good judgment wandered into Mirabelle's dressing room. She was wearing a crimson corset and one dusky stocking.

'Oh, hello,' she said. 'Are you the manager?'

'Depends what needs to be managed,' I parried, wandering around in circles, none too steady on my pins.

'Could you manage lacing my corset tight?' she asked. 'I need to project a little more.'

I was projecting a fair amount myself, by this time – such was the effect of the restricting corset in thrusting her breasts petulantly upwards at an erotic questing angle. She held the laces out towards me and I grasped them. Then with thighs braced wide apart on either side of me, she leaned backwards. She was not wearing panties. Eyes popping like champagne corks I released my grip and she described a reverse somersault to the floor. She also described myself rather aptly.

Many years and several girls later, I suddenly realised that girls in skimpy undies were in fact sexier than the real naked thing. It was so with Myrtle. Nude, she was superb, but clad lightly in see-through bra and panties she rendered me half-gaga with lust. And she knew it. 'Edward,' she would croon, rubbing against me in bra and pants, 'I haven't got a thing to wear. Do you have such a thing in your pocket as an itsy witsy teensy cheque book, honey?'

What more can I say? I was as putty in her hands – though certain parts of me were a damn sight harder.

Myrtle's undies might have hugged her snug, but unfortunately I didn't hug quite so snug to my cheque book and my bank manager began to loom less enticingly but just as powerfully as Myrtle's flimsily covered boobs.

I was working as technical advisor to the teaboy for a film company when I first noticed Nathalie. As fifth-under-producer I never did work out what I was supposed to be doing, until I saw Nathalie. Then I realised what I ought to be doing – but couldn't see how to, on a set jam-packed with technicians and extras. Straddle-legged in a see-through slip on a bed, she was an erotic highpoint in my life. But such was my lust that I inadvertently leant on an insecure camera dolly, sending it crashing into the bed, knocking bed and Nathalie through a partition wall onto a detergent commercial set. I caught up with the petrified girl who flung her arms around me with the semi-neurotic abandon of young starlets. 'I am undone,' she moaned in a sensual voice.

'You are indeed,' I cried. 'Your shoulder strap has snapped.'

'The hell it has,' she looked down. I pulled the slip back up.

'I prefer you through the nylon,' I said, feeling her. 'It makes you more mysterious.'

'The hell it does,' she said. 'You kinky man. Care to join me?'

Quick as a trice we were under the sheets as pandemonium reigned around us.

'You're both fired,' screamed the director, thundering up. It must have surprised him as much as it did myself, when I leapt yelling from the bed in underpants and shirt and ran for the door. One thing is for sure, I'm not making love to a girl in flimsy nylon ever again. I'd forgotten my underpants were the same material and the damp friction between Nathalie and myself had caused a damn great electric shock right through my you-know-what.

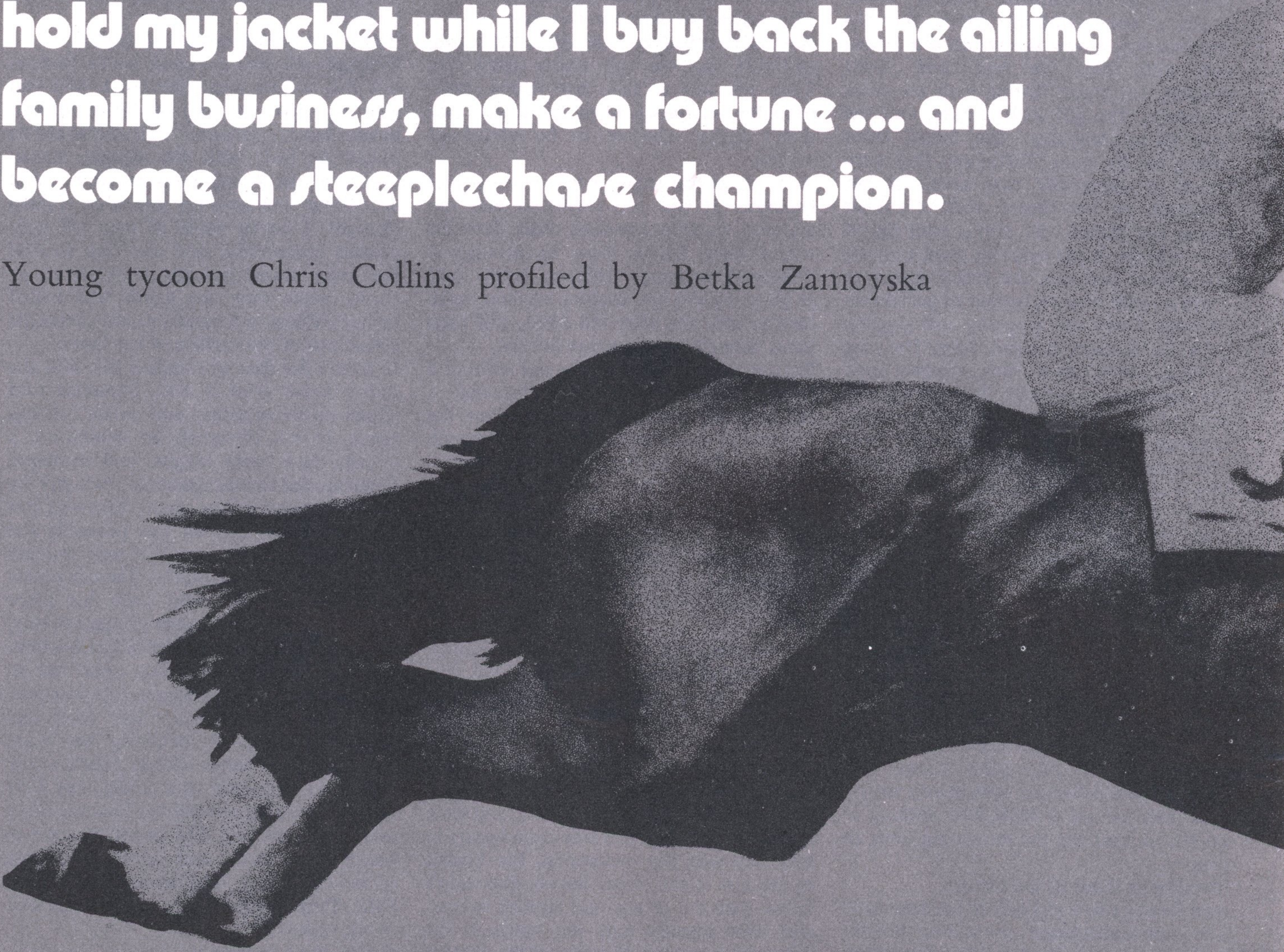
I still get a kick out of girls in flimsy undies but nowadays I leave the shock tactics to others.

# HIS KINGDOM AND A HORSE

## or

## hold my jacket while I buy back the ailing family business, make a fortune ... and become a steeplechase champion.

Young tycoon Chris Collins profiled by Betka Zamoyska



Christopher Collins is nobody's fool. He is shrewd and, above all, resolute. This determination more than anything else, perhaps, has served to spin him a fortune and make him a champion jockey – both before the age of thirty.

Not that he didn't have a head start. Eton-educated, he was born son of millionaire Douglas Collins, who'd built up the Goya perfume and cosmetics empire from a shed in his back garden.

In 1960 Collins senior sold off the business to Reckitt and Colman for £1½ million. Three years ago, when it was running at a severe loss, Collins junior bought back Goya at half the price. Today, with a respectable five per cent share of the market and an increase in turnover of 80 per cent, Goya is again one of the most successful perfume companies in Europe.

All this – and an outstanding success on the race course: in 1965 Christopher Collins came third in the Grand National and in 1966 and 1967 he was Champion Amateur Jockey. How does he do it? I went to see the man himself to find out.

Goya headquarters are at Amersham, Bucks., and the family home, where 31-year-old Collins lives with his mother, three sisters and a brother, is five miles away at Hawthorn Farm.

Even on winter mornings he's up at 6.30 to go riding until 8.30. A half-hour drive home for breakfast, and then he's off to the office. Here he works from 10 am till 7.30 pm, unless he's hunting or racing.

His office is clinically tidy, almost tomb-like. The decor is purely functional, save for some enlarged action shots of Collins himself taking fences.

The 6 ft 1 in tycoon has a preference for plain suits and big-spot ties. His jutting chin and alert nose – a nose which he tried to insure for £50,000 after training as a perfumier, 'but the premium was too high!' – bespeak his determination.

In conversation, his face remains expressionless, apart from an occasional nervous

raising of the eyebrows, and it's hard to tell how he thinks or feels behind the polite mask he presents. He talks abruptly, whenever possible answering questions in monosyllables.

For someone so outstandingly successful in adult life, Collins's time at Eton was remarkably uneventful. 'Most of the staff seemed to underestimate me. I was amazed at one school report which said I was childish for my age; yet I seemed to be able to out-think many of my contemporaries.'

Surprisingly, at school, he was hopeless at games. 'I was rather fat, which wasn't a help, and since I've been in training for horse racing I've tried playing rugger but I'm still no good. The useful thing about racing is that the horse is the great equaliser. He does most of the work for you. In team games, on the other hand, you depend entirely on your own physique and good co-ordination, never one of my strong points.'

Unlike most schoolboys, however, Collins took his ambitions seriously. He says that when he was fourteen he knew he wanted to be a business success.

After leaving Eton he spent six months training at Grasse, the world centre of the perfumery business in the south of France. For five years he turned to accountancy, and came tenth in Britain in the final qualifying exams. He then concentrated for three years on his great love, steeplechasing.

Subsequently he had a hand in starting a wine wholesaling concern, then for three months worked as editor of the society magazine *Look of London*. ‘I knew nothing about the job,’ he admits, ‘but I learned a great deal.’ The paper folded a month or two after he left to go to Goya, into which he decided to put ‘every penny I’d got’.

‘Obviously there were sentimental reasons for buying back the firm, but I knew instinctively it was a good thing to do.’

When he first took over Collins was only a minor shareholder, but now he owns 75 per cent of the equity assets. He set about reorganising Goya with his customary stringency.

‘To get the company back on a profit paying basis I had to cut production costs by about a third. I moved the whole business into the smallest of its two factories and went through the sales lists crossing out any item selling under five thousand a year.’

Goya’s big profits had always been drawn from the perfume side of the industry, so he decided to concentrate on that. Once he had streamlined operations, he set about giving the company a more modern image.

‘I decided to bring out a new perfume and I arranged a scheme for the repackaging of all our old products in brightly coloured designs that would appeal to young people.’ Collins’s approach may have seemed amateurish to some, but before long no one could deny his methods were effective.

‘My stepmother, who was a buyer for Marks and Spencer before she was married, was a great help in organising the design side of the business. Many of her ideas were extremely effective and very simple. The design for our men’s toilet water Check, for example, was copied from the pattern on one of my ties. It’s been one of our best selling products ever since.’

He is a man who tends to take up ideas suddenly but doesn’t let them go. That, really, was how his interest developed in horse racing.

‘When I was seventeen I saw a steeplechase that impressed me, and I decided there and then I was going to race. I think it was the cut and dried, win or lose, aspect of racing that appealed to me – that one person is undoubtedly the winner and that success can be achieved in a matter of minutes.’

Collins believed at one time he might have to sacrifice his riding for his business, but so far he’s managed to keep both activities going without letting one occupy him to the detriment of the other. Stringent planning in this, as in other things, was the secret.

He says that he decided when he left school that he wanted to have made enough money to live as he liked by the time he was 40. He said to himself that he’d spend the years from 20 to 25 studying accountancy, from 25 to 28 riding and from 28 to 40 concentrating on work. He found that in fact he didn’t have to keep to such a strict schedule but that, roughly, is what he did.

During the racing season he keeps to a rigid programme involving a lot of exercise, a lot of work and very little to eat. ‘I try to cut down on social life in London while I’m racing, because of the food and the late nights. I have to go on a rigid diet to get the weight off in January and then take care to keep at a regular weight for the rest of the season.’

His weekends are spent getting in good form for the races, which often take place on Sunday. He starts riding on a Sunday at 7 am.

He makes up for this spartan existence during the rest of the year, though. After spending the morning at his Amersham office, he often goes to London around midday to discuss how the company’s advertising is going.

‘I have a house in Belgravia and I usually stay in London the night and go to a party, take someone out to dinner or join a group of friends for the evening.’ Collins adds: ‘After dieting all through the steeplechase season, I like good food and I’m very fond of wine.’

Girls? He says he doesn’t go for any one particular type, but the main thing is that they should be easy to get on with. He avoids girls who ‘might be an effort’ because he feels he doesn’t have the time to cope with them.

‘The men who are most successful with women are those who have all the time in the world to lavish little attentions on them. I would never be round with flowers the day after I’d taken a girl out. And I wouldn’t manage to fit in the lunches, telephone calls and all the other niceties the Don Juans indulge in.’

He says frankly: ‘I always put my racing and business pursuits first, and if anyone looks like getting in the way of these I cut them out of my life. I don’t like getting entangled in a lot of emotional upheavals.’

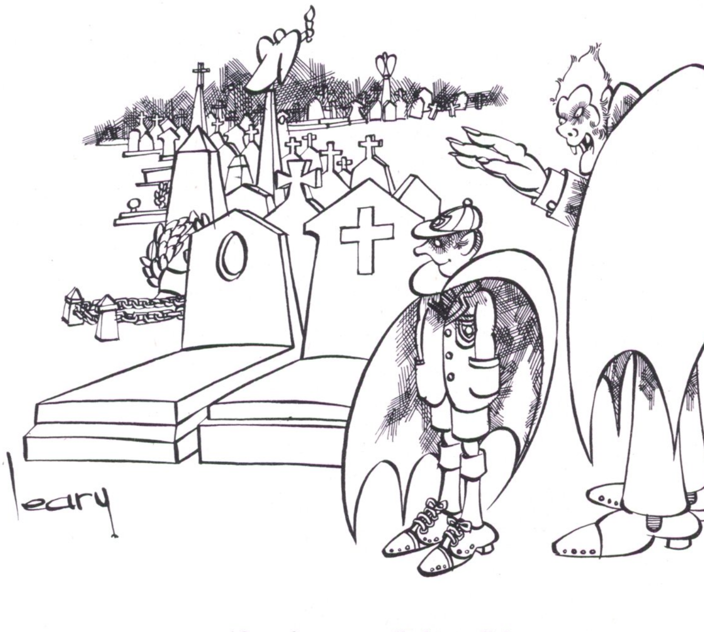
Collins says the longest relationship he’s ever had with a girl lasted a couple of months. He’s never had a girl living with him – ‘My life isn’t geared to that sort of relationship.’

As for marriage, he considers it a hazardous institution. ‘My parents divorced when I was eighteen and a great many of my friends’ marriages haven’t worked out. It’s something I’ve been thinking over for some time and I watch relationships between married couples closely.

‘Though I’m fairly accurate at assessing a character for a job, I’m not nearly so certain about personal relationships. I never had any close friends at school and I don’t find it easy to have a personal relationship with someone. I intend to get married some day, but it’s going to be hard to find someone who’d fit in well with my way of life and whom I could live with the rest of my days without being bored.’

The future? Collins talks about politics but agrees that if he became involved in Parliament he’d want to be in the centre of things and isn’t sure whether he’s well enough equipped to handle the business of being an MP successfully.

Success is Christopher Collins’s guiding star in life. He says: ‘Success is very important to me. I admire all forms of success. It’s not what you do that counts, but how successfully you do it.’



*‘One day, son, all this will be yours’*

# Gentlemen, that reminds me...

The demure but very attractive female student was carpeted before the college registrar.

'It has come to my notice,' he said with bitter reproach, 'that you were seen by the parents of one of our younger students, actually *making love* to one of your fellow students in the *front seat* of his car while you were parked right outside the front door of this very college in *broad daylight*.'

'Yes, sir,' she admitted, quite unperturbed.

'Well, Good Lord, woman,' said the registrar, beginning to lose his cool, 'don't you think you've been doing something wrong?'

She thought for a moment. 'Now I come to think of it,' she said, 'it would have been far more comfortable in the back seat, wouldn't it?'

The husband returned from work to find his young wife lying in the bath with her toe stuck in the cold tap. Before hurrying away for help, he covered his wife's private parts with his bowler hat. He returned half an hour later with a grizzled old plumber who took one look at the wife and said: 'Well, lady, won't be much trouble removin' your toe from the tap, but I'm afraid poor old Acker Bilk has had it.'

The unworldly and recently wed accountant made his way straight to the women's lingerie department of the West End store. At the counter he caught the eye of a young assistant.

'Er, could I have an . . . er . . . a black lace brassiere please?' he blurted out, pink in the face. 'It's a surprise gift for my wife, you understand.'

'Yes, sir, could you tell me the size?'

'Thirteen and a half.'

'Thirteen and a half sir? Are you sure? That's rather small. In fact, I don't think we sell bras that size.'

'Well,' replied the flustered gent, 'I'm sure my wife has purchased her brassieres here in the past.'

'Madam must be on the petite side.'

'Harumph. Not at all. I mean, she's quite . . . er . . . well built.'

The assistant thought for a minute. 'Could you tell me how you arrived at this measurement, sir?'

'Certainly,' blushed the fellow. 'Each of her breasts just fits into my bowler hat and I take six and seven eighths.'

A round-up of after-dinner stories

As the three Viking galleys neared the coast of the foreign country, the leader, standing proud and arrogant on the raised prow of the first boat, surveyed his men. The helmets of those in the first boat shone silver in the sun, their shields sparkled with polish, their faces were keen and fresh and they rowed with grace and precision.

The crew of the second boat also rowed well, not quite with the ease of the first boat, but certainly in a workmanlike manner. Their helmets, too, shone in the sun although there might have been a few lines round their eyes and their armour was not so polished, they too, were a fine sight.

The third boat was a shambles. The crew had bags under their eyes and were badly unshaven. Their rowing was lethargic and unsynchronised, their helmets were rusty and their shields were dull.

As the first galley touched bottom on the shore, the leader raised his sword and shield above his head and shouted out his orders:

'Right. The crew of the first boat will wade ashore and establish a beach-head. The crew of the second boat will move through the beach-head and commence pillaging and plundering . . .'

The leader paused and in the silence was heard the voice of a weary warrior on the third boat:

'Oh, no. Not rape, again.'

The young honeymoon couple on their way to London by train, were impatient for their first taste of sex.

After walking the length of the train they found an empty compartment and were about to make love across the seats when the train slowed for a station. Before her husband could zip up his trousers, the unblushing bride stuffed her panties in her handbag, lifted her skirt and sat on his lap.

At the station, the compartment filled up with passengers much to the couple's dismay.

However, deciding to be pleasant, the girl wriggled round to the passenger on their left and asked:

'Are you going to London?'

'Yes,' he replied.

She then wriggled and squirmed around to a woman on her right and asked the same question. The woman confirmed that indeed she was going to London.

Then the girl wriggled and squirmed to a man sitting opposite from whom she got the same answer.

Then jigging up and down with glee, the girl clapped her hands and said, 'Oh isn't that nice. We're all going to Londoooooooooonnn.'

Stumbling home at four in the morning, the executive was confronted by his wife clutching a rolling pin. Deciding honesty was the better policy, he began to recount his adventures.

'I went out for a drink with the boys at a club. I met an attractive girl and before I knew what was happening she had invited me back to her flat. When we got there she started undressing. Then she suggested we go to the bedroom and make love. So we did. Then I left and came straight home.'

'Don't lie to me,' snapped his wife. 'You've been out gambling again.'

A cheeky young lady named Smith
Avowed her virtue was largely a myth.
She said: 'Try as I can
I just can't find a man
Who it's fun to be virtuous with.'

*Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.*

# How Rockfist Rogan and a Hundred Heroes

My young eyes hardened, gleamed like diamonds. I pulled myself to my full height, strode powerfully into the shadowy doorway and brought a knotted fist down with a thump on the wooden counter. The old man jumped. Two bronze coins chinked on the worn wood. I hissed through clenched teeth: 'G-gimme *The Wizard,* p-please.'

Eleven years I had lived among the chickens, Mrs. Hippos, and Weary Willies, not to mention Tired Tims. Now it was time to make the break.

We had made our annual move at St. Bart's, Sydenham, and now we were in the top class, the one in which we would take the scholarship. The world suddenly hardened. Old Willie was in charge now, rather than Miss Strutt. Eton-cropped spinsterdom had been swapped for shell-shocked schizophrenia, musical entertainment at the piano for a dangerous weekly session called 'Knives, plates and rulers.' The time seemed right for a change in our extra-curricular pastimes, too. So for me it was 'Cheerio, Chip-ites' and 'Hi there, Pals!'

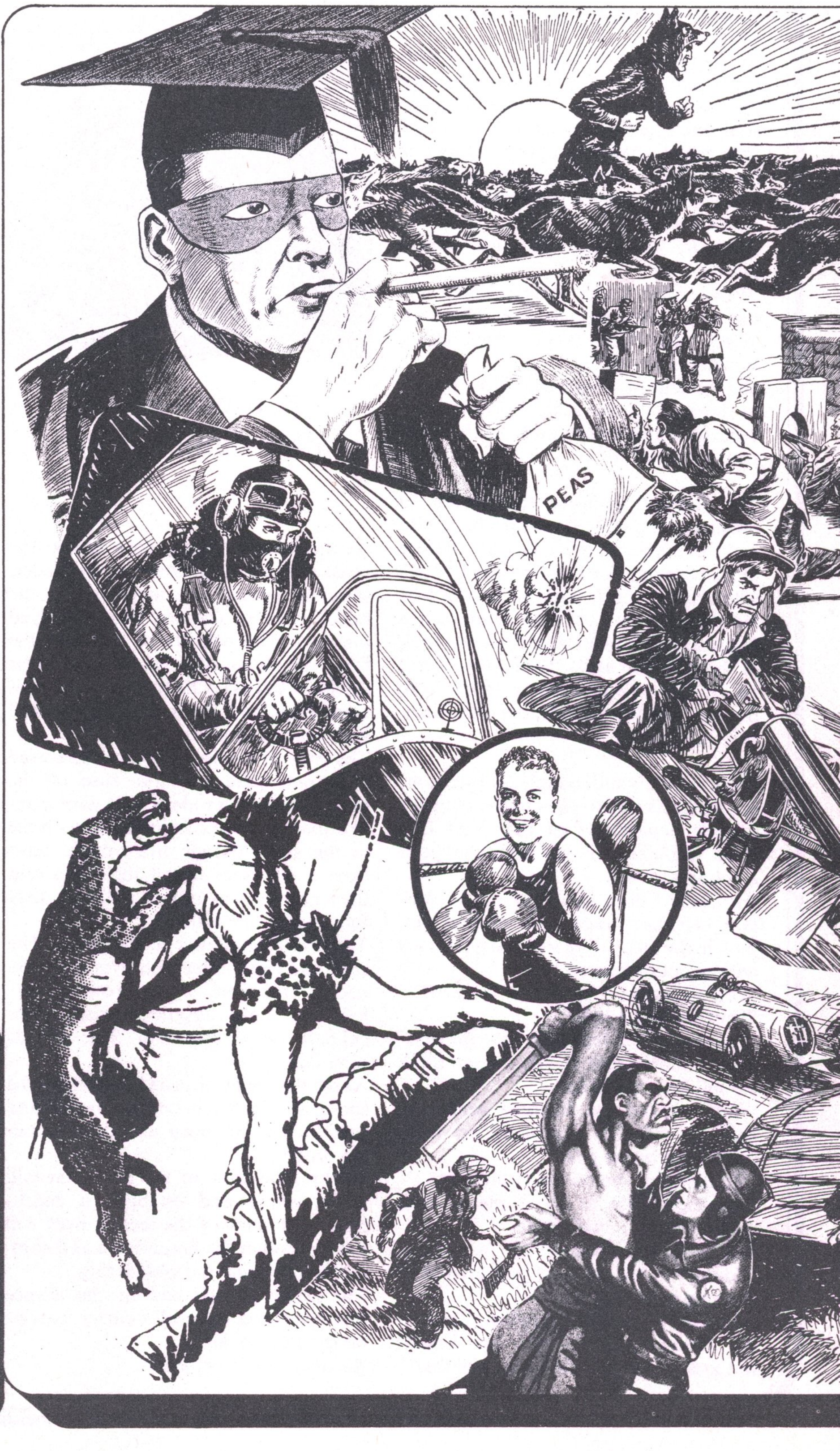
Some lads took the plunge like men, diving straight into the massed black text of *Magnet* and *Gem* without a glance at the picture-packed pages of the *Rocket* with its Grand Free Weekly Supplement, *The Ovaltiney's Own Comic* – presided over by the Chief Ovaltiney who cunningly greeted us in a secret code known only to those who could persuade their parents to buy the product. Others, including myself, were less able to make the transition. We still needed a weekly fix of funnies. D. C. Thomson, canny old Scots publisher that he was, knew this and so fashioned for us *The Wizard,* its 28 pages of Seven Star Stories leavened with two whole pages of comics.

On the left was Spadger's Isle, a cross between Casey Court, that large panel of inventive urchinry that decorated the back page of *Chips,* and The Ten Lit-tle Nig-gers from *Tiny Tots*. Spadger, a boy in shorts and stockings, and a fat sailor called Sam, gave the locals a weekly treat by means of a Painless Dentistry Machine, or some similar jerry-built apparatus.

Across the page was Softie Simpkins, a short-sighted scarecrow who lived upstairs from Nero and Zero the Rollicking Romans. In the basement of the spread, Happy Harry the Cameraman took newsreel photographs – hand held, I now note. These three strips were all drawn by the same man and I am intrigued to observe that although the artist is long gone D. C. Thomson's uphold their reputation for canniness by continuing to republish Nero and Zero in the *Sunday Post*.

Of the rest of the Thomson 'Big Five,' as they liked to call themselves, *Rover* was next in line. The back page led off with nine panels of Nosey Parker. This in-

*How many of these comic book heroes, and villains can you recognise? Reading from left to right, from the top of the page: 1. The schoolmaster with the pea-shooter? 2. The villain in wolf's clothing? 3. The legionnaire carrying a comrade across the desert? 4. The strong man with the club? 5. The air-ace and the boxer (they're the same chap)? 6. The legionnaire firing the machine gun? 7. The pilot with wings? 8. The strong man wrestling with the tiger? 9. The airman grappling with the Chinaman? 10. The monocled officer? 11. The motorcyclist?* Answers right.



# Beat the Baddies

Denis Gifford concludes our comics reprise with a peek at those old 'adventure books'

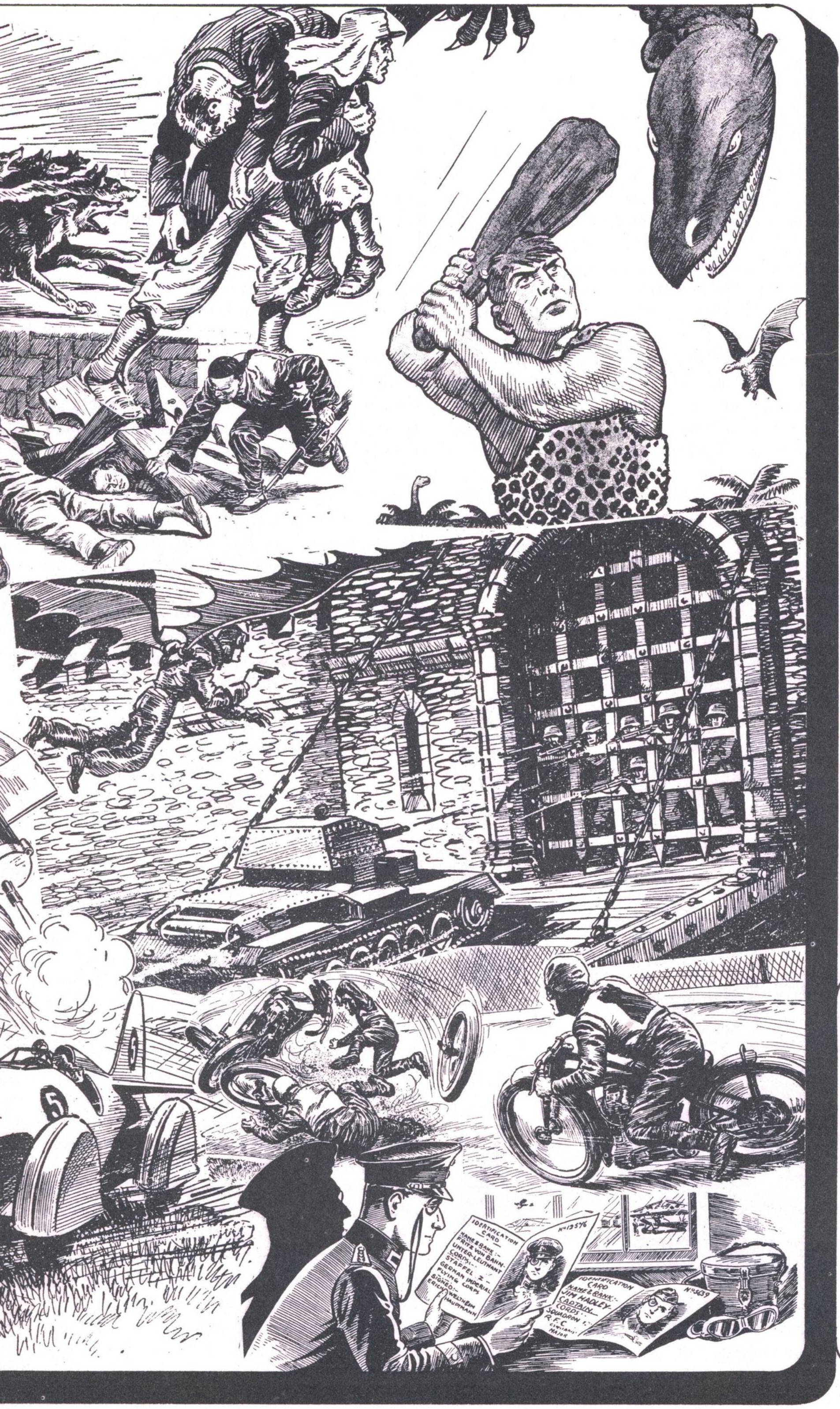
quisitive gent, subtitled Our Prize Busybody, lived over a large panel in which The Cheery Chinks got up to Spadger's Isle jinks. *Skipper* had half a page of Wishbone Wuzzy, while *Hotspur* had even less of Silas Snatcher the Truant Catcher, a strip devised to comply with the paper's special image of an All School Story Weekly. *Adventure* came bottom of the strip-fancier's poll with its factual funny, The News Ranger's Roundup.

Amalgamated Press, however, had its answer to all this Scots ha-ha. Called *The Pilot,* no more cunning plot was ever devised to wean the comic addict on to the hard stuff of typeset text. It had a funny strip on the front called Mike, Spike and Greta, two cockeyed cowboys and their cock-eared mule, drawn by one of AP's best penny comic artists, so the first time you paid your tuppence you thought you were buying a comic. Strips were scattered temptingly through the pages, leading you on into the world of words: Will Hay at Bendover, The Comic Capers of Stainless Stephen and Tarzan, Mighty Fighter of the Jungle.

Oh, what cunning lay behind that benign pipe-puffing image of the Editor, with his snappy moustache and his hearty 'Hallo, chums!' *Pilot* was positively intimate with its readers, inviting us weekly to 'Meet the Staff.' I had always been a mite dubious of papers edited by chickens, hippos, and even Jolly Uncle Jacks, but the *Pilot's* crew smacked of the stuff of life. Serving under Your Editor's waving arm came, reading left to right, Harvey Keen, bespectacled sub-editor, Prof. Barnacle, Joke Merchant, Tilly Tappett the Typist, and Lightning the Office Boy, not to mention his faithful dog.

*Pilot's* star story was Alex James' Schooldays. It kicked off the contents, complete with signed endorsement: 'In between playing for the Arsenal I have enjoyed many pleasant hours reading it and can, without any hesitation, recommend this story to all readers.' Not a word about its authenticity, I now notice, though I didn't at the time. Equally equivocal was the autographed intro to Bluey Wilkinson the Bush Broadsider, whose biography as Star of the Speedways he introduced thus: 'From first chapter to last I have been vastly entertained and am delighted to recommend this story to all readers.'

Leonard Henry at the Mike – Another Merry Broadcast from one of Radio's Cheeriest Comedians – now seems about as genuine as the *Pilot's* Greatest Scoop: the schooldays of Harry Houdini, Magic Maker No. 1. The youthful exploits of the escapologist and his buddies, Snooty Spitzel, Bugs Carson and Tarzan Bamberg in their private war against Max Nazarri, 'mayor and racketeer' of Redstone City, were studded with startling escapes, all of which, promised Your Editor, would be


IDENTIFICATION CARD
NAME & RANK:- FRITZ VON BAHN- UNTER-LEUTNANT
CORPS:- STAFFEL 2 - GERMAN IMPERIAL FLYING CORPS
SIGNED:- ERICH
No 13576
IDENTIFICATION CARD
NAME & RANK:- JIM HADLEY
No 5639

*1. The Master in the Purple Mask. 2. Black Wolf, Master of the Wolves. 3. Private Bill Harcourt of the Death Battalion. 4. Strang the Terrible. 5. Rockfist Rogan, RAF, firing his guns and showing his fists. 6. Samson Lawrence of the Legion that Never Surrenders. 7. Captain Zoom, Birdman of the RAF, 'the man who couldn't stand, sit, lie down or eat for 24 hours.' 8. Tarzan, who became stronger than the strongest animals. 9. Captain Doom of the Doom Squadron. 10. Jim Hadley, the pilot who fooled the Germans. 11. The Ghost Rider of Castle Stadium.*

explained in the ultimate episode. The final showdown took place on January 15, 1938, with Nazarri pumping bullets into the schoolboy Mayor. Max is mown down by State Troopers, who mourn over Magic Maker No. 1's corpse with murmurs of 'Poor kid' and 'Tough luck'. But our Harry sits up with a smile. 'Thanks, fellers,' he says coolly, 'It's a darned good thing I put on my patent bullet-proof vest.' Which was all the promised explanation we ever got.

Our Editor was too full of enthusiasm for next week's new serial, Buffalo Bill, King of the Scouts. 'Tell Your Pals about it,' he begged. Not me, pal. I was too busy telling them how you chickened out on the Houdini disclosures. Clearly it was time for a change. So, somewhat later than my classroom contemporaries, I made the switch. A new breed of paper heroes occupied my mind. Where once Weary Willie yaffled and Tired Tim yawned, six-guns barked and shots rang, suns beat and plains baked, jungles steamed and brontosauri howled, flames licked and shells screamed. Small wonder we called them Tuppenny Bloods.

Boys' Books, they called them in the trade. Thomson's, who published the best, called them the Big Five, naturally ignoring the *Pilot* and his pals from Fleetway House. Old D.C.'s fistful began with *The Wizard*, about which Reader H. Stevens of Forest Gate sang:

*I woke up, tired and sleepy,*
*And climbed yawning from my bed;*
*I started dressing slowly,*
*But soon in my tracks I stopped dead.*
*I had suddenly remembered*
*That the day was the day I loved best,*
*For it was Tuesday,* The Wizard *morn,*
*The morn that I've always blessed.*

For that Prize Par H. Stevens won himself some roller skates. They were fond of verse in the Dundee fiction factory. 'When he bustles, Watch his muscles!' was the catchline for Hefty Hector, a jolly black giant, with the coda, 'He lifted a ton – Just for fun!' The Green Company (Sixty Grim Archers Famed for their Fighting throughout France and Flanders) punctuated their plucking with a rollicking signature tune:

*We'll fight for gold and our lifes are sold*
*To the cause that is fair and just;*
*Our bows will twang and our swords will clang*
*Until we are one with the dust.*

And when the muse failed them, authors peppered their pages with gems of alliteration: 'The Menace of the Mutter of the Man of the Crooked Cross' and 'Honey brings the Horror of the Hovering Horde,' or pearls of assonance 'Duped by the Trail of the Fake Tank Tracks' and 'Who did a Bunk with the Roosting Booster?' Their other tease of a beezer wheeze was the cryptic catch: 'The Strange Case of the Man who set Fire to Water,' 'The Strange Riddle of the Man who Never Lived – Yet he was murdered,' 'The Mystery of the Man who Walked Out of a Four-inch Square Picture.'

This rolling rhythm continued through the titling of Thomson tales: 'The Terror Strikes on Moonless Nights'; 'The Seven Plagues from Silent Swamp'; 'One Man Guards the Tombstone Trail'. The very names of *Wizard* heroes still ring in my ears: Caribou Carson (King of the Hoboes), 'G' of the Secret Service (He Comes and Goes and Nobody Knows), Bandy Walker (The Ragtime Sheriff), Brasstack Barnet (who Rode South), Sniper Dennison (who had a Vigil), and on both sides of the fence and heading sketch, Wal Loader and J. A. Slade, the quick-draw protaganists of Pony Express.

Standing out among the many villains, even including 'The Worst Man in Texas,' was 'Dr. Matto, the Man Who Knocked Out the World,' This slant-eyed demon, bearded and beret-ed, had come to England from the jungles of the Amazon, his weapon the deadly Unini centipede. The evil insect 'went mad at the scent of human flesh,' its bite sending its victim into a death-like sleep from which he could never revive – not, at least, without Dr. Matto's antidote at £100,000 a throw!

But I'm happy to tell you that the fictional figure who stands out four-square in my mind's eye, a hero to live by, overshadows all the vile villians the Big Five could conceive.

Of all the British outposts along the North-West Frontier of India, there was none so smart and spotless as Fort Kanda, which stood right at the east end of the Khyber Pass. One day into this epitome of British, bullshine there sauntered a skinny mule. from whose back flopped a ragged tramp. He strolled up to the gate sentry, hands thrust deep into his pockets and a battered sun-helmet stuck on the back of his head. 'Hullo,' he said cheerfully, 'I'm Bill Samson. Where's the colonel?'

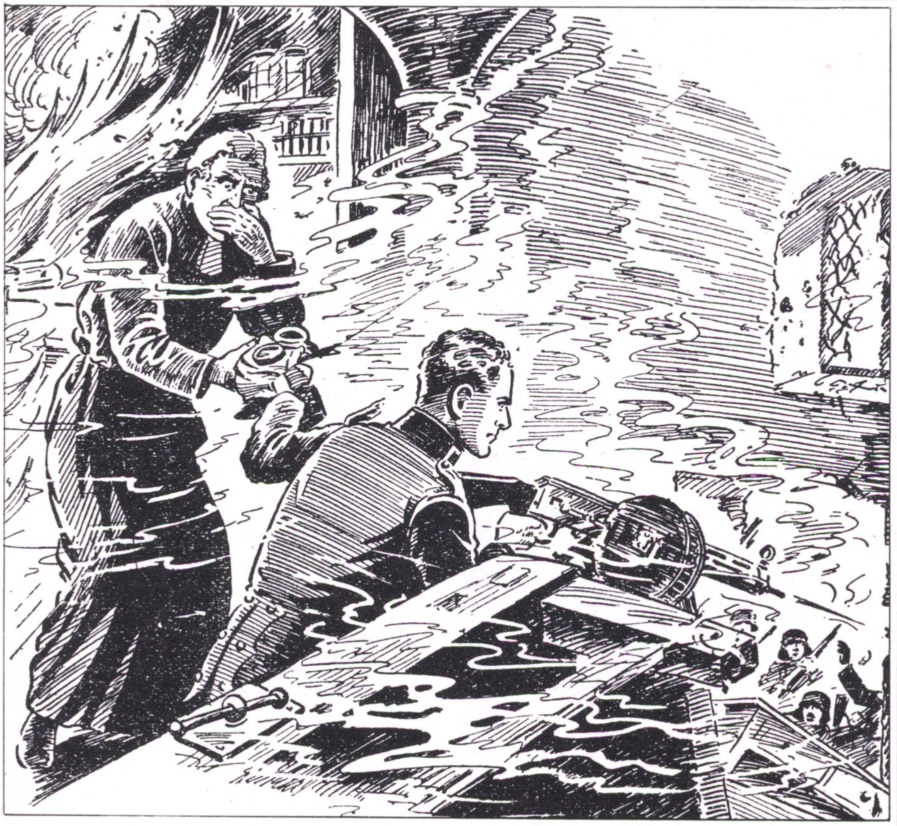
With these famous first words a saga was born. As Bill lights up his old briar, tossing the spent vesta onto the spotless parade ground, the sentry boggles.

'Blimey! The Colonel will half murder him for that! Who is the cove, anyway?' The cove, explains a handy old sweat, is a sort of surveyor, map-maker, trouble-buster: 'The natives call him . . . the Wolf of Kabul!'

But even the Wolf, blue-eyed, rock-jawed, and solar-topeed as he was, was not the star of his own series. This was 'a squat man, almost dumpy, with enormous shoulders and very long arms. His ugly face was broad and flat, and greasy black hair hung over his low forehead. He was dressed in the uniform of a Sepoy private, but there was no smartness about his uniform.' So enters, under bayoneted guard, Chung. Chung, the immortal mountain man from the high Himalayas. Chung, and with him, Clicky-ba.

'Lord,' said Chung, his beady eyes filled with sadness, 'I did not mean to knock down four men. Lord, the clicky-ba merely turned in my hand.' Private Chung, under orders of Colonel Laurie himself, was being taught the game of cricket. Stumped, he refused to leave the wicket, and used his bat like a club upon those four unfortunate fielders ordered to remove him. And so

*turn to page 75*



**Intent on keeping back the enemy, Jim did not realise that the priest was giving him the only gas mask. Though no soldier, Pere Lefevre was loyally giving his life for his country!** *So read the 1940 caption as Captain Jim Hadley, the English pilot who had masqueraded as a German air ace, let loose at the Nazis, assisted by a French priest*

## How Rockfist Rogan and a Hundred Heroes Beat the Baddies

*continued from page 58*

there came about a miraculous mating between man and willow, a veritable cricketing legend. First used to bust up a Holy War ignited by Shir Muhammud and Durba Khan, in the course of time the brass-bound Clicky-ba, ‘its yellow wood chipped and battered, darkened by ominous stains – blood stains!’, saved the world from Abdul Ittler.

The other *Wizard* winner, a long-runner in every sense of the word, was Wilson, the Truth About whom was revealed in a series of Returns and Come-Backs as everlasting as the man himself.

This incredible continuing story was made all the more convincing by the cunning trick of first-person narration. The truth was told by the sports editor of the London *Daily Clarion*, one W. S. K. Webb, a legend consolidated when Thomsons published the serial as a Red Lion paperback, giving the byline to W.S.K.W. himself. Wilson’s first appearance was as the unbilled thirteenth runner in the 1938 British Summer Championship mile race at Stamford Bridge. As the starter raised his pistol, a man dropped over the barrier behind the runners. ‘He had on an old black running costume with half-length sleeves, the legs of it came below the knee. He strode nearer and I suddenly realised that his feet were bare!’

‘With the grace of a greyhound’ the Mystery Man led the way through three laps and into the final fourth. ‘The crowd suddenly ceased to shout and watched tensely. . . In that strange hush I could hear the thudding of his bare feet on the track. The runner threw out his arms to breast the tape. His head was inclined sideways and I looked straight into his eyes. The pupils had contracted to needle-points, and I read in them the evidence of the unyielding will that had conquered the body.’ Then the tape is fluttering from the judges’ hands: Wilson has won his first victory, the Mile in three minutes, forty-eight seconds.

But the thin stranger failed to share the crowd’s wild jubilation. To him, this was no record broken; he had merely equalled a run by one Benjamin Nutsford, from the Gibbet Ash on Lambton Moor to Stayling Church in 1774 – ‘Covering the last hundred yards while the church clock was striking three’, he added, mysteriously. W.S.K.W., good reporter that he was, investigated, reporting back to us readers in weekly instalments. Wilson, it seemed, lived a lonely life in the mists of the Yorkshire moors, eating herbs and signing himself ‘Wm. Wilfon’. In due course it was revealed that he had won the Anxbec 50-kilometre Alpine race in five hours in 1845. At the other end of the time scale, he beat the drugged German champion at Nuremberg in 1939, much to the chagrin of Dr Goebbels.

School stories that grabbed me personally were in Thomson’s *Hotspur*.

*Hotspur* schools spanned the globe and even beyond. From Pendlebury Village Old School where Septimus Green, better known as the Big Stiff, ruled with a muscular arm and a twinkling eye, the scholastic tentacles spread. There was The Hooded Class at Ironmoor – a twist on the mysterious Master in the Purple Mask – and, further north, Glengarth House where Black John of the Battles taught the ragged rebels of 1715.

And so across the seas to the Dutch East Indies and The School Beneath the Yellow Jack, Jamaica and The School of Dangerous Whispers, and Mexico where The Red Skull is On the Gates. We went west for Buffalo Bill’s Schooldays, north to the School Amid the Snows, and east for The Crackshot of Khyber College. And on, out into space for the Lost School on the Whirling Planet, and even beyond time for At School in 1975 and the now awful, then joyful prospect of The Last School, in a future world decimated by poison gas.

Considering the paper’s basic premise, the variety of scholastic emporia was mind-blowing. But to anyone who ever read the *Hotspur*, the top teacher was none of these heroes. He was the most popular unpopular master in history, the Most Hated Man in the School. The school was Red Circle, and the teacher was Alfred Smugg.

Red Circle was a unique establishment that had Greyfriars knocked into a cocked topper. Each week’s story was emblazoned with a badge-like bird’s-eye view of the school, and shortly after the opening hook there would come the obligatory explanatory paragraph for the benefit of new readers.

‘Red Circle was chiefly occupied by boys whose parents were abroad, and it was divided into three parts. There was the Home House for British boys, the Trans-Atlantic House for Canadians, and Americans, and the Colonial House for boys from the rest of the Empire.’ New readers soon learned to call them the Homers, the Yanks and the Conks.

*Adventure* was narrower than *Hotspur* or *Wizard:* in page-width, not in scope. Far from concentrating on colleges or cowboys, it echoed the spirit of the quartered badge it bore upon its titled page: a monoplane swoopant, a galleon sailant, a bronco buckant, and a tiger’s head head-ant. Its top-of-the-page catchlines were different, too.

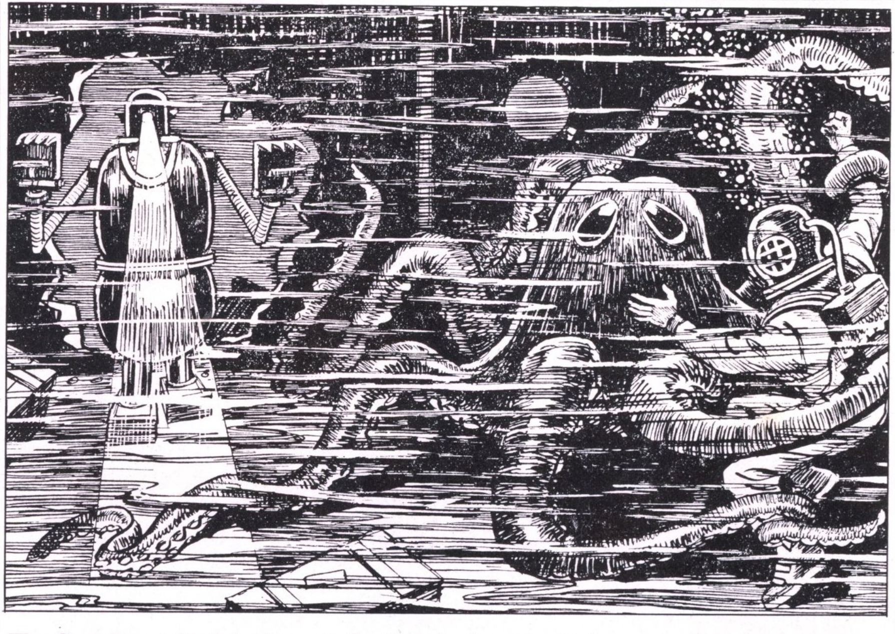
Instead of couplets, factlets: ‘A snail has about 15,000 teeth’; ‘Irish cab-drivers have been fined for wearing caps instead of hats’; ‘There are 8,750,000 miles of telegraph wire underground’, etc.

Dixon Hawke, D.C.’s answer to A.P.’s Sexton Blake, was wont to turn up in anything published in Dundee, from *Weekly News* to *Topical Times*, and *Adventure* was no exception. With Tommy Burke, his youthful assistant, Hawke saved the Chancellor of the Exchequer from the clutches of the Electric Shadow and his Floating Suit. Retiring elsewhere, perhaps to *Red Letter*, the field was left clear for Paddy Sullivan and Terry, who fearlessly faced the foulest felon ever to disgrace a boys’ blood – the Fog Fiend, otherwise known as Zorro the Slink. Even Skullface, who had a Purple Eye, was handsome beside this broken-toothed monster. But these are long-forgotten. *Adventure*-lovers remember only two great heroes, and will give you houseroom for not one other.

‘You can shove me down here, you can bury me mighty deep. You can load the earth down on top, but I guess I’m going to get you!’ These words from an open grave were followed by a laugh that froze the blood of the listeners. ‘S-suffering snakes!’ gasped Windy Waters, his face a dirty white. ‘It’s Solo Solomon speaking!’

Solo Solomon, he of the Singing Guns,

*turn to page 79*

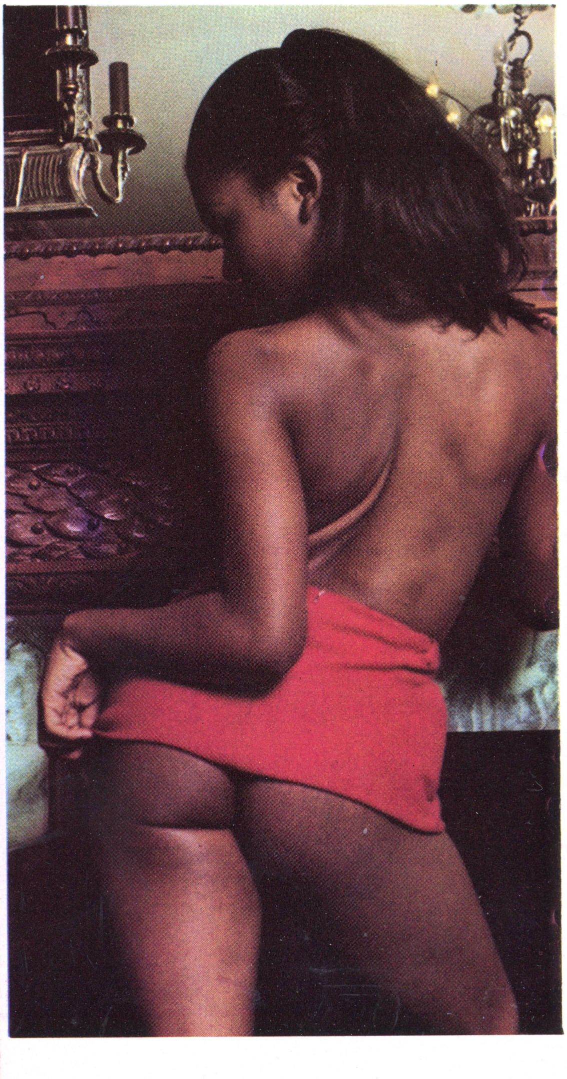


**The Smasher stalked in through the hole in the side of the sunken steamer, to where Glasgow Harry was struggling desperately in the tentacles of a giant octupus.** *That was the 1933 caption to this picture that went with a yarn about an evil radio-controlled robot with a maniac foreign master, finally outwitted by homely hero, Glasgow Harry*

# VIRGINIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY COLIN RAMSAY

Virginia Jones has a predilection for playing physical games. Witness the lazy way the muscles move under her dark skin as she stretches cat-like in front of the wall mirror. The way she studies the reflection of her hard, velvet skinned 35–23–35 body each evening as she undresses for bed. To stay lithe and lean she goes dancing in discos and night clubs, sometimes naked and alone to old Beatles records in her bedroom; goes riding out in a country stable, sometimes bareback, strong thighs clamped around the horse's warm back. Later in the lazy part of the evening she stands before the mirror, brown skin still slippery from afternoon exertions and droplets of water from her shower. Like a cat, arching her back and rubbing against her own reflection in the glass. She left her native Jamaica four years ago at the tender age of 15 with a desire to do something more than settle down and raise a family. She was working in

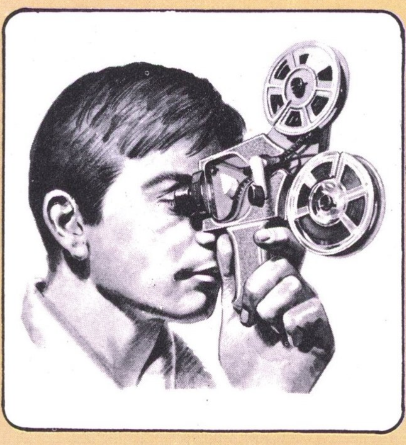


an Oxford Street jeweller's when someone persuaded her she had a body cut out for better things. Now at 19 she's waiting to break into films with the name-making type of part that every actress dreams of, but it hasn't happened yet and Virginia consoles herself with what she admits, with an unabashed grin, is the very sensual pleasure of a soapy warm bath. 'It's rubbing the soap over your body when it's wet, smoothing it into all the ticklish places, that is so sexy. I don't know whether you'd call it a fetish.' Sometimes she will stand for long periods just rubbing the soap over her skin. That is how we photographed her, with the evening light stealing in through the window across her body. Later she climbs back into her red microscopic mini with the matching leather boots. 'I'm very careful about the clothes I wear. I like strong simple colours and I like them to look sexy on me. That's what women's clothes are for.'

# AND NOW...
# A GREAT NEW MAYFAIR FILM.
# THE EYE-STOPPING
# VICTORIA JANE

'We just can't wait.' 'How about another of your fantastic films?' 'Send us a copy of your next film as soon as it's ready.' These excerpts from readers' letters give an indication of the overwhelming response to greet previous Mayfair films. Now another joins the unique collection. Victoria Jane Cornish is not just a modern girl. She is tomorrow's girl. Uninhibited. Disarmingly candid. Just sometimes, a little shocking. But always the seductive essence of the truly feminine creature. Now, exclusively for Mayfair readers, she has revealed all – in full living colour. After taking her dog for a walk, she sets to bathing the mud from her pet. The suds splash and the amazingly well-endowed Victoria Jane gets drenched. What happens next? To find out, see this uncompromising film for yourself. Send for it today

WHAT THEY COST: the Mayfair Film Society films are nearly 100 feet. They are available in colour at £5.50 each. A special black-and-white preview version of the Caroline Dell film, produced mainly for Mayfair's own office use is available at £3.15. (All prices include p & p). TECHNICALLY SPEAKING: the films are 8mm. Today there are two types of 8mm film – Standard 8 and Super 8. Please check which film your projector takes before ordering: the films are not interchangeable. For those buying a new projector the Super 8 gives a larger image.



NO PROJECTOR? We have especially arranged for Arrowtabs' Hand Movie Viewer to be made available to Mayfair readers. Made of styrene, with nylon bearings, it is operated by turning a crank handle. It has its own self-contained light source so it does not have to be held up to the light. The advantage of the hand viewer is that any frame can be 'frozen' for closer inspection. A focusing eyepiece makes it easy to use it with or without spectacles. The viewer is illustrated in use on the left. There are two models, the Standard 8 and Super 8, each £2.25.

*Caroline Dell, star of Film One*

ALSO AVAILABLE: two sophisticated films which have brought an amazing ovation from readers. In arousing strip sequences, the black and beautiful Sylvia Bayo and the fair and feline Caroline Dell have left viewers breathless and delighted. You can see them in intimate and crystal sharp detail in two special films which have been hailed as the best home movies of their kind on the market today. Caroline – blonde, svelte, the swinging micro-skirted dolly acclaimed as our first-ever Girl of the Year. Sylvia – black, exotic, showing the rising-tipped breasts which astounded Mayfair readers. All three films have been specially made in full living 8mm colour by Arrowtabs, the photographic equipment experts, and tantalisingly scripted by Mayfair for you. Entertain your friends, your club, your business associates ... or, better still, keep them to yourself. Here is your chance to possess your own copies of the films that have set the connoisseurs talking. Fill in the coupon now while the stocks last.

*Exotic Sylvia, star of Film Two*

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## Next Month in Mayfair

# If we told you who she is you'd gasp in astonishment

Don't tell us you recognise her bottom. It's never been seen in public before. Unlike her face which appeared with large headlines all over the world. Her story made strong men everywhere nod in sympathy or burn with envy. Next month in Mayfair we'll get her to turn around

What did the spider see in Miss Muffet? In what way was Mary contrary? And what happened to the young lady who rode a cock horse all the way to Banbury Cross? Ronald Cobb, Mayfair's master of the erotic drawing, has been taking a look at the sexual symbolism in those medieval tales

What's your idea of superb motoring? How about trundling down to your favourite Sunday pub in four and a half litres of vintage machinery? Mayfair invites you to take the wheel in an inimitable exposition of top tourers

Camping is the great and growing European obsession. Like sex, it starts when you're young. But what goes on in those tents by night? Mayfair has completed a new survey on the erotic opportunities under the green canvas

RONALD COBB

What is happening in the nude film scene? Are the birds leaping out of their panties in gleeful abandon? Or is a new more sexually significant trend emerging? Mayfair is in a position to put you in the nude film picture

Do you have a penchant for a particular type of girl? Most men do, and Mayfair takes a lot of trouble to find girls for all tastes. Next month we bring you something special for the men who thought they'd been forgotten

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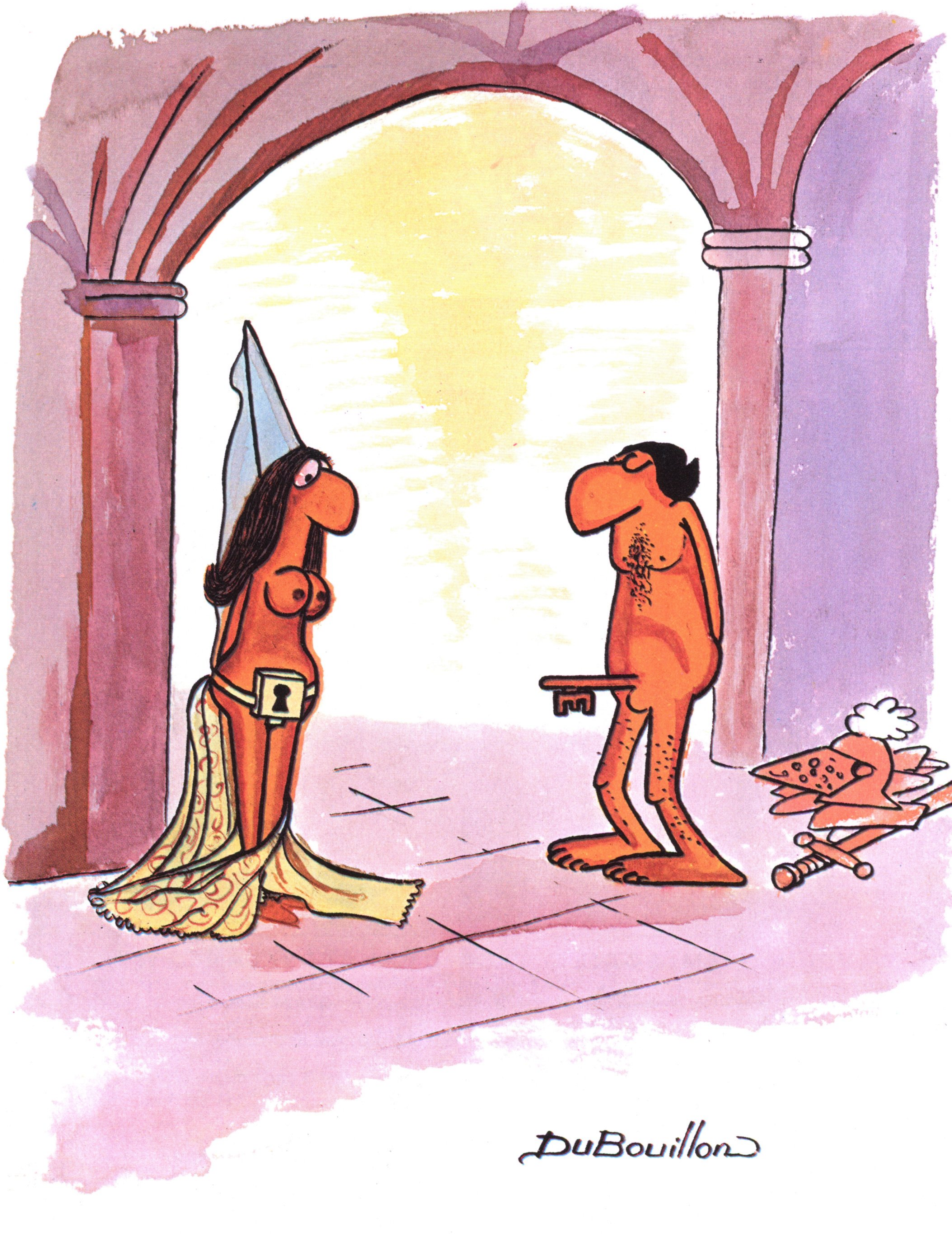
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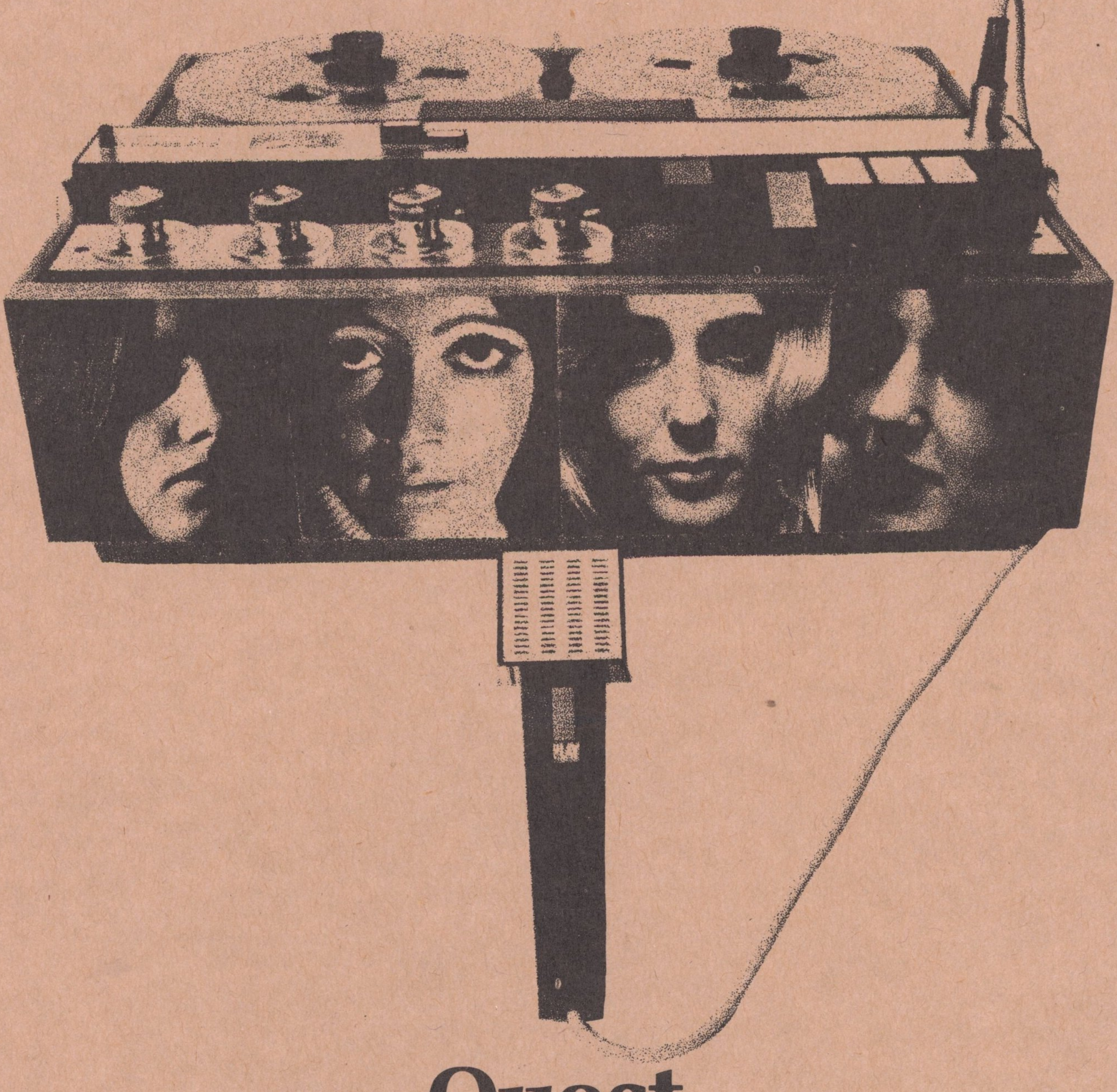

# Quest

## The laboratory of human response
## Volume Three

'The most shaming thing of all,' said the young, curvaceous wife, 'was that when it was all over I had my legs tightly round his back. Hardly the seduced little woman.' The man was not her husband, and she had never had extra-marital sex before. This was no unattached girl seeking a casual sexual thrill, this was a mature woman shocked that she had succumbed with such passionate abandon. Was it because she was on holiday? Had the sun and wine gone to her head? In this, the third part of our survey on the behaviour of Girls on Holiday we record confessions from women whose holidays included an unexpected sexual episode

## INTRODUCTION

This is the third part in our Survey of Girls on Holiday. In carrying out this particular survey there has been a natural tendency to focus on single girls embarking on a carefree holiday abroad. Obviously, from our viewpoint, these are the easiest girls to locate and interview since there are many of them especially in London. Neither, it seems to us, is it unfair to concentrate on them since it is girls like these that make the image of the British girl on holiday. Secondly, it is precisely girls like these that most unattached men would wish to meet. In two previous surveys we have met a cross-section of girls coming within this category. There is, however, a wider net to be cast before our survey can claim to have examined the Holiday Girl phenomenon in any breadth. Married women also go on holiday. What is the effect of sun and wine and sea on their sexual appetite and outlook? We have managed to talk to some. When we think of the single girl we think of freedom. But that is not always true. What of the girl who goes on holiday with repressive parents? How about the au pair taken on holiday by the family she lives with and then be expected to spend her whole time cooking or looking after children in a hired villa? Does she ever manage to break out, and if she does is she all the wilder for her caging? These are just some of the questions we examine this time.

## INTERVIEWS

*(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)*

*One* **Housewife, 25 years old, brunette, town of origin Leicester**

*This interviewee was an attractive and intelligent married woman. She had been married five years and had no children. She occasionally did temporary secretarial work but mainly looked after the new house she and her husband bought shortly after their marriage. She was an excellent cook and had gained several specialised certificates for it. She was rather introspective and the incident she described had obviously caused her a great deal of concern and heart searching.*

*Quest:* You went on holiday with your husband?

*Wife:* That is right.

*Quest:* What do you think of your husband?

*Wife:* He is a very good, handsome, sexy man.

*Quest:* But you were unfaithful while you were on holiday?

*Wife:* I'm afraid so, yes.

*Quest:* Had you ever been unfaithful before?

*Wife:* Never. I'm almost shocked by the question.

*Quest:* Why are you willing to talk about this occasion? You made contact with us.

*Wife:* Because I'm ashamed, I suppose. Because I need to talk about it. Because it may help other young wives who may be tempted to similar things. A host of reasons, I suppose. But you have promised I may see the transcript and take out anything that worries me.

*Quest:* That is so.

*Wife:* I suppose because it was so unexpected I shall probably listen to this tape and say 'Was that really me?' Anyway, here goes.

*Quest:* Please take your time.

*Wife:* We had really been looking forward to this holiday. It was our first real holiday abroad since our honeymoon. It was a lovely hotel and we had a nice room. We were enjoying the sun and the hotel swimming pool and all the wine . . .

*Quest:* Were you drinking a lot of wine?

*Wife:* Not really. I prefer Dubonnet actually. Anyway, there we were round the pool and we became quite friendly with another married couple Peter and Dot. Peter was forty one, quite heavily built. He looks a bit like Edward Heath to be truthful although more sexy and with this deep quiet voice. From the first time we met he paid me big compliments. But they were 'heavy' ones if you know what I mean.

*Quest:* Not quite.

*Wife:* They were sort of passionate from the start. At first he said I had a fabulous figure, many men have told me that, but then he would say things like 'beautiful breasts' or I must make love divinely. I was a bit chilly at first but I must admit it was nice to have such unlooked-for compliments.

*Quest:* Did your husband know about them?

*Wife:* Not really, no. He knew Peter was saying complimentary things to me but he did not know what sort of things. I didn't tell Jack and that made me feel even more guilty. I'd never kept anything from him before. Then Peter began saying more personal things.

*Quest:* What sort of things?

*Wife:* How much he'd like to make love to me. How great it would be to be on a bed together and all that sort of thing. It hadn't crossed my mind going to bed with Peter but when he kept on and on I suppose I began to think about it a bit. Not in a serious way, of course.

*Quest:* In what sort of way?

*Wife:* To be honest, I suppose I have always had a bit of a thing about big hunky men. Jack is slim and with a marvellously trim figure. My father was a very large man and he used to give me great bear hugs. I suppose it's to do with that. Anyway, I thought no more about it, or I kidded myself I thought no more about it. Then one afternoon we had been sitting round the pool and I decided to change from a sort of sun dress into my bikini to have a swim. I went to our bedroom and was just about to change, in fact I was just taking my dress off, when there came a tap at the door. I said 'Come in' and there was Peter. I was quite surprised. He looked at me and smiled and said 'Just passing, I thought it might be a thief or something.' Then he looked at me again and said 'You are the sexiest woman I have ever seen. I was not joking you know with what I said.' I sort of smiled, but before I could say anything he had taken me in his arms and was trying to kiss me. I sort of moved my face away but because my dress was already unbuttoned at the back he pulled it off my shoulder, pushed down my bra and began kissing my breast. Then he took my face in his hands and kissed me very passionately. He stood back from me and grinned. I didn't know what to say. He said: 'There, that's just to prove it,' and said something like 'See you later,' and went out of the room.

*Quest:* Did you tell your husband?

*Wife:* No I didn't. I somehow felt I couldn't.

*Quest:* Why was that?

*Wife:* I don't know. I suppose I felt guilty. I should have slapped his face or something. But no one had done anything like that to me since we had been married and I suppose I was too surprised.

*Quest:* What happened next?

*Wife:* It was the next day after lunch. Jack was going off to some nearby rocks in a speedboat that belonged to some people we had got to know. He likes mechanical things like that. We had had a bit of a lunch-time session, I suppose, and I said I would lie down for a siesta.

*Quest:* In your bedroom?

*Wife:* In my bedroom.

*Quest:* Had Peter and Dot been at the drinking session?

*Wife:* Yes, they had as a matter of fact.

*Quest:* Go on.

*Wife:* I was lying on my bed and I had taken my dress off because it was so hot when there came this knock at the door. I thought of Peter the day before so I didn't say come in. But the door opened anyway and in came Peter. He said something like 'Just came to see how you were.' He came and sat by the bed and then just kissed me. He apologised and said he couldn't help himself and then he kissed me again. He forced my mouth open and it was a very sexy kiss. Before I knew what was happening he had unclipped my bra and was doing everything with his hand. He was rolling my nipples in his fingers and I could feel them stiffening, and all the time he was murmuring sexy things to me. It was fabulous but I was saying 'No, Peter,' 'No Peter.' He got up from the bed and I thought he was going but he only turned the key in the lock. I was lying back on the bed, just in my pants, overwhelmed by it all.

Then he came back to the bed and suddenly, surprisingly quickly for such a big man, he undid his trousers and dropped them on the floor. He was very large. Then he was on top of me, just wearing his shirt. I was protesting and saying 'No, Peter, no,' but he wasn't taking any notice. I could feel him trying to get between my legs but I still had my pants on. He was kissing my breasts like crazy and sucking at them which always turns me on. Then he got his hand down the front of my pants and was wiggling a finger into me. I was still struggling a bit but he was very passionate. And then I realised I was trying to take his shirt off. He let me do it and then very quickly he whipped my pants down. I tried to turn on to my tummy but he turned me back with his great strength and very slowly came down on top of me. I felt very strange. Sort of elated and guilty and then I remember thinking 'so what, I'm on the pill,' and I could feel his John Thomas against my hair. I felt my legs opening and then he slid into me. It was quite a relief, I think. A sort of calm after the storm. I was sobbing into his shoulder I think and then he began to move. It was like the big dipper at the fair. You just sort of hold on and wait for it to end. It was exciting and scaring. But he was a big man. We both came together and the thing that was most shaming of all was that I had my legs tightly round his back. Hardly the seduced little woman.

*Quest:* And afterwards?

*Wife:* I cried, of course. And then I was angry and called him a foul seducer. Then I realised how melodramatic it sounded and I laughed and that broke the ice. He was very tender and helped me put my bra on. When he went out he shut the door very gently.

*Quest:* And after that?

*Wife:* There was no after that. He made no attempt to do anything again. He was very kind and considerate to me with the others but he never tried to see me alone.

*Quest:* You sound a bit sorry.

*Wife:* Do I? I'm not really. I made up my mind it was a once in a lifetime madness. I was not going to do it again. My holiday fling, I suppose.

*Quest:* Thank you.

---

*Two* **Au pair, 18 years old, blonde, town of origin Haarlem**

*This interviewee was a tall slim Dutch girl who came to England as an au pair. This was her first job in England. She came from a well-off family in Holland where she had lived with her parents and two sisters. She had been taken on holiday by the family she was at present with. They had rented a villa.*

*Quest:* You went away on holiday with the family you were working for as an au pair?

*Au pair:* Yes, that is correct.

*Quest:* Was it a good holiday?

*Au pair:* Not with the family no.

*Quest:* Why not?

*Au pair:* They expected me to do all the work. They left me with the children. I do not mind that. They are sweet children. But they expected me to do the cooking and then they expected me to baby sit at night. It was too much.

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**Special Issue at 45p: Vol. 3:** 11 (First Quest, Nicola nude, explosives, ribaldry)

**Special Issues at 50p: Vol. 4:** 12 (Caroline Dell, space sex); **Vol. 5:** 12 (Gabrielle, Cognac, nude girls of 1970, Virgin Witch)

(See page 70 for details of back numbers containing Quest)

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# Quest

## why you need to have it all

No man can ever again regard women in quite the same light since Quest began pulling down the barriers that blocked communication between the sexes. Never before has a sexual survey let *you* join in erotic experience in the vivid way Quest does. Quest probes deeply into some of the most vital factors concerning the erotic response of individual women, exploring subjects that have not previously been examined with close and sympathetic scrutiny. Back numbers containing Quest are now running low. Several issues have completely sold out – which means that particular part of Quest is no longer available. This is why you must act now if you are missing any back numbers.

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*Quest:* Did you not get any time off?

*Au pair:* One day off and then one evening.

*Quest:* And what did you do that evening?

*Au pair:* It was quite late and I went to this little discotheque. It was very friendly. I met this nice boy.

*Quest:* Was he on holiday?

*Au pair:* Yes he was. He was French.

*Quest:* And you are Dutch?

*Au pair:* Yes, that is so.

*Quest:* In what way was he friendly?

*Au pair:* He talked to me at the bar. He was very nice. He was very sympathetic.

*Quest:* And then?

*Au pair:* He asked me to dance.

*Quest:* How did you dance?

*Au pair:* Very close. It was very dark in the discotheque.

*Quest:* Did he attempt any sexual advance while you were dancing?

*Au pair:* Please?

*Quest:* Did he try to pet with you?

*Au pair:* He touched my bottom and I told him to stop.

*Quest:* Why was that?

*Au pair:* That is what the man in my family is always trying to do. He is horrid.

*Quest:* Did you pet in any other way?

*Au pair:* We cuddled and kissed. He was very nice. And I was feeling sad, you know?

*Quest:* I understand. Did anything else happen?

*Au pair:* On the dance floor, no.

*Quest:* Did he take you home afterwards?

*Au pair:* Yes he did. That is when it all happened.

*Quest:* Will you tell me about it?

*Au pair:* Mr . . . . . . of my family had said I had to be in by 12.30. It was stupid. It was so early. The discotheque had only just started.

*Quest:* So you didn't get back at 12.30?

*Au pair:* No, it was about an hour later. Francois was with me. And I found they had locked the back door.

*Quest:* The back door of what?

*Au pair:* This villa where we were staying.

*Quest:* So what did you do?

*Au pair:* I said we must wake them up but Francois said there was this little room at the back where they kept deckchairs and things. He said if we went in there we could wait till they were all really asleep and he could maybe get through a window and open the door. So we went into the little room. It was very dark. There was this beach bed on the floor but it was too little to lie down. So we kissed standing up. I was very passionate because it was many weeks since I had been kissed and it was my fault.

*Quest:* What was your fault?

*Au pair:* What happened. We were kissing and stroking each other and Francois undid the zip of my skirt. It fell to the ground. He was feeling my panties and he was very passionate too. Then he took down my panties. They were very little ones and Francois was very excited. He wanted to make love and I told him it was not possible.

*Quest:* Why was that?

*Au pair:* I am a virgin and the room was so small.

*Quest:* They are two contradictory reasons. Which is true?
*Au pair:* Please?
*Quest:* Were you willing to make love?
*Au pair:* Not to let him put his penis in me. I am scared of making a baby.
*Quest:* So what happened?
*Au pair:* You will think Dutch girls terrible.
*Quest:* I don't think so. Please go on.
*Au pair:* He put his mouth to me. With his tongue.
*Quest:* To your sex?
*Au pair:* Yes.
*Quest:* Had you done this before?
*Au pair:* With other boys yes. I like it very much. I do not think it is bad. Francois was very gentle. He kissed me very much and used his tongue and I was very excited. He made me come. I think I made a lot of noise.
*Quest:* What did you do for Francois?
*Au pair:* I held him in my hand, you know. Until he came too. It was very nice. But then it became very bad.
*Quest:* What happened?
*Au pair:* I heard Mr . . . . . . call out 'Is that you Maria? [Name changed] I was very frightened. We did not say anything and hoped he would go away. But I think he must have heard us. Suddenly he opened the door of our small room. I was very embarrassed.
*Quest:* Why was that?
*Au pair:* I was standing there with just my sweater on. I had no panties on. Or my skirt. He saw my everything.
*Quest:* What happened then?
*Au pair:* He was very fierce. He ordered Francois to leave and he told me to go inside.
*Quest:* And did Francois leave?
*Au pair:* Yes. I did not think it very brave of him. But Mr . . . . . . was very angry.
*Quest:* And what happened to you?
*Au pair:* I tried to pick up my skirt and panties but he picked them up first. He made me walk in front of him. I was very embarrassed because my bottom wobbles.
*Quest:* What happened when you got in doors?
*Au pair:* He said I was an immoral girl and what would my parents think. He would have to tell them. I began to cry because they are very strict and would not understand that it was all right because I was still a virgin. Then he said that I could take his punishment instead.
*Quest:* And what was that?
*Au pair:* He made me bend over this table and he said he would give me six slaps and then he would say no more. They were very hard slaps and they made me hurt very much. When he finished he said he was sorry and put his arms round me. He was in his pyjama trousers and he was very stiff. He took my hand and put it on his penis. It made me very frightened but I could do no other. I gave him some rubs and he had come too. He wanted to make love but I gave him a haughty look and walked to my bedroom. I made my bottom wobble too because I knew it would make him angry.
*Quest:* And did it?
*Au pair:* I do not know. He went to his bedroom and next day he was shy with me.
*Quest:* How about his wife? Did she not hear anything of this?
*Au pair:* Somtimes she is a heavy sleeper but sometimes I think she did hear. Sometimes I think she would like to beat me too. She is a strange woman.
*Quest:* And do you still say you are a virgin?
*Au pair:* Oh yes. It is quite simple. I do not let a man put his penis in me until we are married.
*Quest:* Thank you.

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*Three* **Private secretary, 27 years old, brunette, town of origin Accrington**

*This interviewee was married but had no children. She was the private secretary to the manager of a printing company. She lived with her husband in a flat they had jointly bought.*

*Quest:* You are a married woman but you did not go on holiday with your husband?
*Secretary:* That's right.
*Quest:* Why's that?
*Secretary:* Craig and Bill are mad about golf so they do this trip, and Barbara and I go and laze in the sun. It's quite sensible really.
*Quest:* Let me get this straight. Craig is your husband and your married friends are Bill and Barbara?
*Secretary:* That's right.
*Quest:* And Barbara and you go on holiday together?
*Secretary:* Not all the time. We went once before and this year Craig and Bill had this golf tour and that's how it happened.
*Quest:* And this year you had quite a sexual experience?
*Secretary:* And how!
*Quest:* The previous time you went with your friend had there been any sexual episodes?
*Secretary:* How do you mean?
*Quest:* Did you have sexual intercourse?
*Secretary:* Not the time before, no.
*Quest:* But there had been some sex?
*Secretary:* Just a bit of petting not much else.
*Quest:* What sort of petting?
*Secretary:* Oh, hand in my pants, that sort of thing. Bit of a feel, I suppose.
*Quest:* But this time it was much more than that?
*Secretary:* Very much more.
*Quest:* Please tell me about it.
*Secretary:* Well, Babs and I used to go down to the beach every day and lie soaking up the sun. We'd have a few drinks at the bar on the beach and that was all. The last time we'd been on holiday together several boys tried chatting us up. Just friendly you know, but this time no-one did. We were a bit disappointed. Not that we wanted to get off with them or anything, but we felt we were losing our touch, or something. Anyway, back at our hotel was this man, Paul. He'd come on holiday with his two friends but they'd taken up with these two girls and he wasn't seeing much of them. Anyway, as it turned out they weren't really friends. He'd been divorced a few months before and was feeling lonely and they had asked him if he wanted to come on holiday

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with them. He didn't want to feel a drag to them so he left them with the girls. Paul began talking to us at the hotel bar before lunch and flirting a little. That afternoon he saw us on the beach and came over and sat with us for a bit. Then the next morning when we were going to the beach he said he knew a little one further along and less crowded. We went with him and it was a nice little beach although a bit rocky. We stayed there all morning.

*Quest:* What were you wearing?

*Secretary:* Babs and I were in our bikinis. Paul had his swimming trunks.

*Quest:* And what happened?

*Secretary:* We all lay in the sun. Paul was in the middle. Babs and I were lying on our tummies and Paul put an arm round each of us. Then Babs suddenly said 'Hey' or something and I looked up and said 'what's wrong?' Paul had slipped his hand down the back of her bikini a little bit and was stroking her bottom with his finger. I said something like 'lucky old you,' only joking really, and Paul then did the same to me. It made me feel very funny. I think if there had only been one of us we wouldn't have let him do it, but because one was letting him, the other did too. At least, that's what we thought when we talked about it afterwards.

*Quest:* Did anything else happen?

*Secretary:* Not that morning. But the next morning we suggested we should go to the beach again and we did. Paul did the same thing again only this time we were face up.

*Quest:* You mean he put his hands down the front of your bikinis?

*Secretary:* That's right. It sounds funny, I know. Men normally start with your bosom, and especially as Babs has got large ones, but Paul didn't. Mind you he didn't just put his hand down my bikini. His fingers just sort of crawled under the top elastic and then stopped. Then after a while they crept down to the beginning of my pubes. I said 'watch it' or something but stayed still for a long time and then I was aware of his fingers going further down, and then he was working his finger up and down. He was doing the same to Babs. It felt very odd. Anyway, there we both were squirming about next to him. Luckily we were beside a rock and no one could see.

*Quest:* Did you have a climax?

*Secretary:* No, neither of us did. But it made us feel fruity.

*Quest:* Then what happened?

**TABLES** (*results in percentages*)

All these questions are to married women.

**Question One**

You are on holiday with your husband. A man makes a pass at you. Are you:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| (a) | Appalled | 0 |
| (b) | Annoyed | 5 |
| (c) | Embarrassed | 10 |
| (d) | Flattered | 90 |
| (e) | Pleased | 55 |
| (f) | Delighted | 30 |

Some girls answered yes to more than one section.

**Question Two**

On holiday with your husband, another man is persistent in declaring his intention of making love to you. Do you think his success in this aim is:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| (a) | Impossible | 40 |
| (b) | Possible | 60 |

Girls were pressed not to answer 'Don't know' to this question.

**Question Three**

Have you ever been on holiday without your husband?

Yes 45; No 55

**Question Four**

(*To those answering Yes to Question Three*)

During any of these holidays did other men make passes at you?

Yes 40; No 5

**Question Five**

(*To those answering Yes to Question Four*)

To what lengths did the relationship go?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| (a) | Verbal flirtation only | 10 |
| (b) | Kissing | 5 |
| (c) | Petting over clothes | 0 |
| (d) | Petting under clothes | 10 |
| (e) | Caressing genitals | 10 |
| (f) | Sexual Intercourse | 5 |

*(Girls were asked to answer on the basis of their most significant sexual encounter)*

**Question Six**

(*To those answering 'Possible' to Question Two*)

If you were to have a holiday sexual liaison, which of these could be contributing motives?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| (a) | Need for more sex than you were getting | 50 |
| (b) | Need for a change of partner | 5 |
| (c) | Need for better endowed sex partner | 5 |
| (d) | Need for variety in sexual technique | 20 |
| (e) | To prove you could still attract men | 15 |
| (f) | To spite your husband | 5 |

*Secretary:* It was that evening. Babs and I had giggled a bit in the afternoon discussing what had happened. We hadn't meant to let him go as far as that but we said we ought to toss for him. I think if either of us had been alone with him we wouldn't have done anything. Anyway, in the early evening we saw Paul and he looked very smart. We all had a lot of drinks before dinner and then after dinner we all drank this Fundador. It doesn't taste all that strong but we all got squiffy. Then Babs, who always gets a bit randy when she's woosey, said pity we couldn't do what we did on the beach. Paul said we were squiffy and people were beginning to look at us, he ought to take us to bed. He didn't mean it that way, but we hooted and said what a good idea. We were only joking, of course. Anyway, Paul sort of supported us to our bedroom and came in. We said he had to kiss us good night and he kissed Barbara very passionately and I said he had to do the same to me. Then Barbara said 'hey, that's enough' so he put his hand up Barbara's skirt while he was kissing me. It all felt very funny because neither Babs nor I had ever done anything like that before. But suddenly I felt very sexy and then I felt him pull down the zip of my dress and I said to Barbara 'you must as well, you've got more than me' and I pulled down her zip. Anyway, there we were very quickly all rolling around on the bed, Babs and me with just our pants and bra on. We were all joking and we said it was Paul's turn. We rolled all over him and got his shirt off and I could feel we were turning him on. I suddenly pulled down his zip. I've never done anything like that before. It had all been a bit of a game to Paul, I think, but once I did this I could see him becoming all hot and bothered. He just took his trousers off and kept these boxer shorts on. He practically leapt on Barbara and undid her bra. She looked a bit scared so I pulled at his pants. They came down over his bottom. He then turned to me and tugged down my panties. He was sort of wrestling with me and his thing was out and then we were pretending it was a joke but I could feel myself getting wet under his fingers and I knew he wanted to have me. It gave me a great feeling because I thought he preferred Barbara and I must have been very tiddled because I didn't mind and I opened my legs and he was having me. I looked at Barbara and she had this funny look on her face and I thought things had gone too far. I rolled over and Paul stood up. I saw Barbara looking at his erect penis and then he put his arms round her. She was still wearing her pants and he pulled them down and she was struggling a bit. Then he got on top of her. I thought we must all be mad. I could see that Barbara wanted him to go all the way and have a climax in her. She was panting and crying and holding on to him tight. It made me feel very sexy and then I did something I didn't think I'd every do. I climbed on top of them and I was rubbing myself frantically against Paul's bare bottom. Do I shock you?

*Quest:* Not at all.

*Secretary:* I was very ashamed after. It must have been the drink. I've never done anything like that, even with Craig. I was rubbing myself against his bottom until I had a climax. We all did practically together. We all quietened down after that.

*Quest:* Had you taken any precautions?

*Secretary:* Babs and I are both on the Pill.

*Quest:* You kept it up while on holiday?

*Secretary:* I suppose it gets into a habit.

*Quest:* Was this the first time you'd been unfaithful?

*Secretary:* On holiday, yes.

*Quest:* You mean when not on holiday there have been other occasions . . .?

*Secretary:* I said I'd talk about holidays not anything else . . .

*Quest:* How about Babs?

*Secretary:* Oh she's always getting banged. She says Bill doesn't mind. Craig would kill me if he knew. It would really cut him up.

*Quest:* Looking back on it, what was the chief reason for this 'gang bang' if I can call it that.

*Secretary:* Because we were all squiffy, I suppose.

*Quest:* Thank you.

## SURVEY SUMMARY

What motivates sexual conduct and attraction? Who amongst us can ever explain the subtle interplay of physical and emotional features that culminate in a single act of sex?

In Interview One we had the respectable married woman 'almost shocked' by the question of whether she had previously been unfaithful. She had not. The incident on holiday had had a sufficiently searing effect for her to want to talk it out. The interview printed here went on long after the tape ceased turning and was an interesting and intelligent discussion. Thus the interviewee will not be embarrassed by the points put here since they were all brought out in the subsequent discussion with her and indeed were largely accepted by her.

Firstly, the character of Peter. Was he in fact the accomplished and experienced married lecher? It could appear so. The ease with which he made seductive remarks to the wife yet remained happily within the foursome, the fact that after his sexual success he made no further advances, all betoken the Casanova complex. But then consider the wife herself, led to seduction and shocked by her action. But was she? Did this holiday, in fact, provide her with an opportunity she had long subconsciously sought? Could she perhaps allow herself liberties with Peter that she would never have allowed with the window cleaner or the milkman, *because her husband was there?* In other words, could she subconsciously place part of the responsibility on her husband to see what was happening and take action, even if that action was to make violent love to his own wife. It may be so. Somewhere in the wife's make-up was the need for this affair. Why else would she not mention it to her husband unless secretly she did not wish to stop it? When that first knock came on the door, how many women would call 'come-in' while taking a dress off? Did she secretly hope it was Peter? After this first visit the plot thickens. Until it was pointed out by us, the wife had not realised that it was her silence after the first visit which probably gave Peter the courage to continue. If she had complained to her husband at this stage then an apology by Peter and an explanation of 'holiday high jinks' would have sufficed. From this point on she became his accomplice without realising it. No wonder he acted with such confidence. He knew his women well. Little wonder, too, that a faint feeling of disappointment crept into the wife's story at this point. Her subconscious was telling her she had been had, literally, by an extremely plausible man whose interest was probably in the victory and not the wife.

In Interview Two the first and most vital thing to say is that this girl exuded the most fantastic sex appeal. Real sex appeal is a most ephemeral thing, and this girl had it. Perhaps it was her languid feline grace, perhaps her bedroom eyes, but it is necessary to understand this overwhelming sexual atmosphere to understand the situation. To have a girl like this in your house as an au pair must impose considerable strain on any man. Did Mr . . . . . . truly have her welfare at heart and conclude that someone so sexy would be raped on the spot if let out? Did he conclude that with such sex appeal the girl obviously 'did' and was filled with envy, and thus tried to keep her from other men. Or was he really just looking for an excuse to spank her bewitching bottom? Did he impose impossible rules in order to ensure she broke them, and gave him such an opportunity?

Interview Three poses the question of the influence of drinks on the episode that happened. The girl thought it was a significant issue and without it the incident would never have taken place. We are not so sure. To us, with our Quest experience, the first move in a sexual encounter is always the most important. The two early moves, that of Paul's hands down their bikinis, both took place in the morning when one presumed the day's holiday drinking had not begun. When later in the bedroom he puts his hand up Barbara's skirt and presumably encountering her pants he is being rather less daring than he was on the beach in cold sobreity. For the significant factor in this interview we must look elsewhere. We suggest towards the fact that there were two girls and one man. The girls had had their sexual confidence slightly undermined by the fact that on a previous occasion they were 'chatted up' by interested males and this time they were not. When one man came on the scene the eternal triangle began. Probably each girl subconsciously wanted the man to prefer her and thus was less likely to refuse his advances for fear of losing him to the other girl. What one girl allowed the other could only go along with. The girls seemed to realise this themselves. There may be a lesson here for many men. If you are attempting to chat up one of two girls you may be wiser to chat up both in the preliminary stages in order to get their sense of competition going. Any more significant factors are difficult to find.

# WILL AND BEN THE POWER-POT MEN

The brothers Jowett really knew how to pack push into motor cylinders / Motoring by WB

These days it is fashionable to celebrate anniversaries, as if old-age has some special merit. I don't know about that but I do know that the late lamented Jowett motor-business came into being 70 years ago. That is as good a reason as any for having a feature about Jowett cars. This month is also the fifth anniversary of the founding of Mayfair.

Has it really been five years? I recall how not long after I had agreed to the assignment I had to attend some motoring Press function, I think it was to see some new Renault models, at White City. We were to watch, if I remember correctly, some Olympic runners dash round the cinder-track (and there may well have been other record-holders as well), before admiring what Renault had to publicise in the way of fashionable new automobiles, and downing the bubbly.

To this function came Stirling Moss, rather late. He stood on the steps leading down into the arena, looking I suppose at the birds, the Renaults, and possibly at the athletes who were flat-out at a pace he exceeds in bottom cog, when he spotted your humble scribe. 'You b . . . . r', or a word like that, yelled Stirling in my direction, 'I hear you have landed the Mayfair job, you lucky hound'. All envious eyes upon me, I smiled weakly. Ever since, I have been regarded as a sort of Bond with a motoring instead of an MI5 assignment.

Of course, it may have been that Stirling thought that doing motors for Mayfair meant doing also the blondes and brunettes who figure in its pages. This, as my wife sometimes gets hold of a copy, I reluctantly deny. The fact is that Moss had picked me out as a lucky bounder and everyone seemed to think that I had been driven to this Renault party in a chauffeur-propelled Silver Shadow with a couple of bunny girls in the back parlour. I assure you, I am sorry to disappoint.

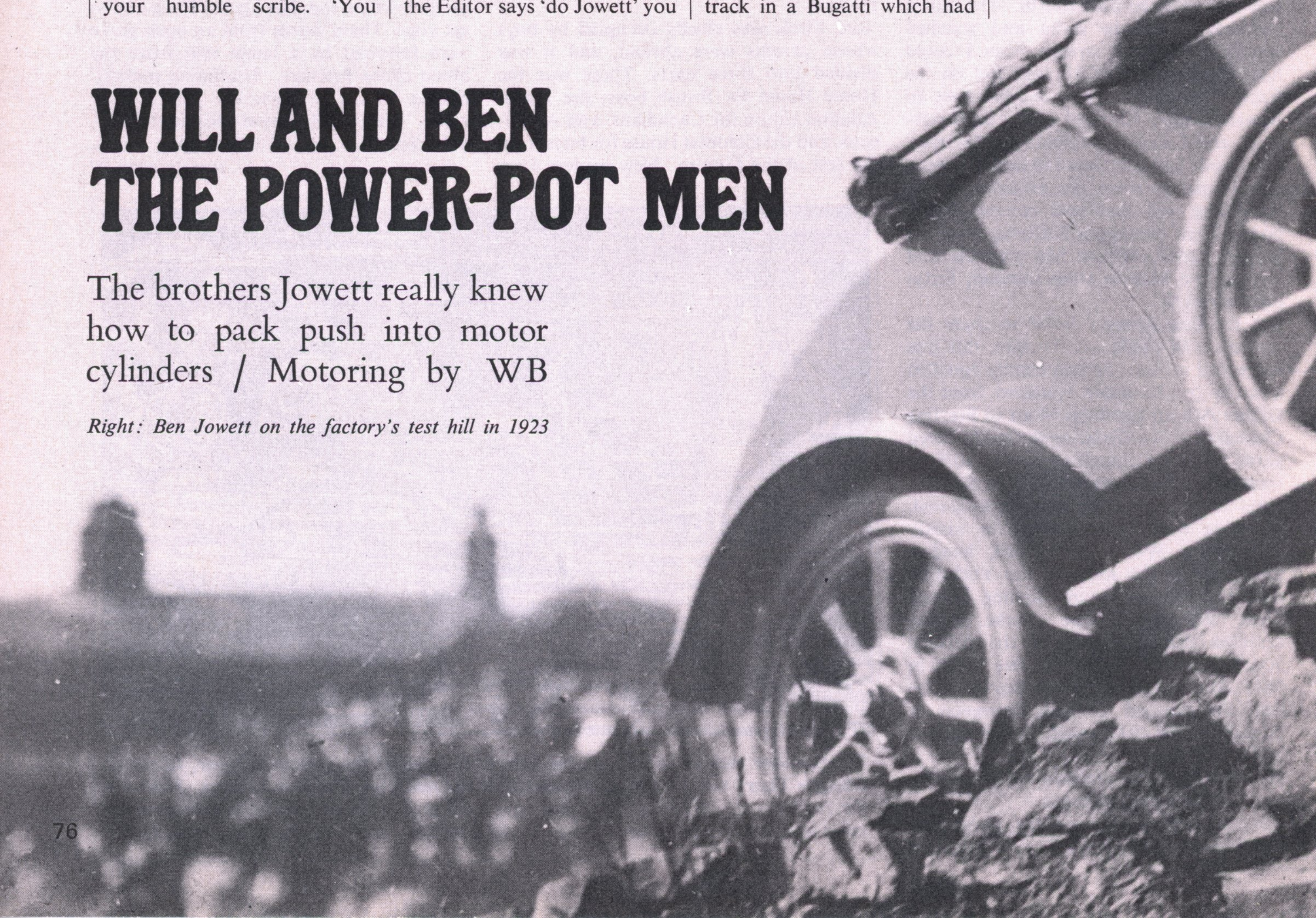
Others sidle up and express surprise that they should find my internal combustibles amongst so much more interesting material. My line is to say that I write to eat.

All of which seems to have taken us away from what the heading suggested this month's outpouring might be about. I apologise. The fact is that when the Editor says 'do Jowett' you do Jowett, even if you have never owned a Jupiter, or even a Javelin, and only a couple of the little flat-twins with the Big Pull; although I happen to be custodian to a 1935 two-seater at the moment.

By the way, the Mayfair model girls *don't* come out in the cars I write about, in case you supposed that they did. And the only time I had a model of this kind beside me on a professional jaunt occurred when I was so juvenile that I was more excited by the car than the model, and the car was only a Fiat 500. (She was in it to be photographed with her beautiful long legs projecting out of it, which we did in Hyde Park. After which, as I was clearly obsessed with cylinders, not sex, she looked hurt and asked to be put down at the nearest Tube station – they were not so well paid in those days, and neither was I.)

But I am digressing again and the assignment is Jowett. There's no escaping it (did I ever tell you about the girl who went with me to Brooklands and while I was in the bluebell woods for a few moments the hand-brake . . . ? Or of the bird who took a trip round the track in a Bugatti which had no floor . . . ?) and as I was saying, the Jowett business came into being in the year 1901.

At the dire risk of repeating what I think I may have told you before, let me remark that the later Jowett car was the brain baby of Will and Ben Jowett, whose association with internal combustion engines stemmed from making stationary power plants and replacements for the then-popular Aster and de Dion Bouton engines which were found beneath the bonnets of prevailing horseless-carriages. They had a go, not very favourably received, at making those covetable but complex two-stroke motor cycles for Alfred Scott. This led them away from a three-cylinder in-line engine they had installed in a car to a two-stroke flat-twin, or horizontally opposed, engine of their own. This wasn't all that good but eventually they came up with something as service-



*Right: Ben Jowett on the factory's test hill in 1923* able as their original vee-twin engines, only this time it was another flat-twin, but a four-stroke, water-cooled. This they put into their own light car in 1906 and the Jowett car was born.

These little turf-turf Jowetts were simple, the unkind would say crude, machines. Yet they were soon in considerable demand. Perhaps this was because the Jowett brothers were honest Yorkshiremen, making honest cars in Bradford which appealed to their fellow citizens. Perhaps it was because the Jowett was somewhat like the Model-T Ford, not yet born in 1906 but destined to sell more than 15-million between 1907 and 1927. That is more Beetles than Wolfsburg has yet churned out.

Whereas the Ford had a four-cylinder engine the Jowett was a flat-twin, of but nominal horse-power, whereas the Flivver or 'Tin Lizzie' was rated by the RAC at 24hp. And while goons with no ability to mesh sliding gears could drive a Model-T by stamping on a couple of pedals, the Jowett light car had a three speed and reverse gearbox of normal, or Panhard, perverseness. Like Model-T it was crude to delve into but was constructed on sound engineering concepts and of good materials. So it not only went well but it lasted, which is more than you can say of most of today's inexpensive cars.

Although the Jowett brothers introduced their first car in 1906, it was around 1913 before they had evolved a formula which satisfied them. Only then did they get their Little Engine with the Big Pull into a chassis and onto the market. Alas, along came the Kaiser to postpone all their plans. So a Jowett was very much a war-time or post-Armistice offering. At first the side-valve engine (pray, Uncle, what are side-valves? I saw none at the Earls Court Motor Show) was of 816 cc. it drove through a cone clutch lined with asbestos string to a unit three-speed gearbox, and there was a worm back axle. More, steering was by side tiller, à la Lanchester. The war over, there was a big demand for economical small cars, and the excellent Jowett brothers, Will and Benjamin, saw to it that they did not miss the market. They had a small motor in miniature, when many others were messing about with pure cyclecars or half-and-halves which couldn't decide whether they wanted to be motorcycles on four (or three) wheels or big cars scaled-down. All the Jowetts had to do was to get a bit more pull from the compact little engine by upping its size to 917 cc. putting on a steering wheel to replace the tiller (as Lanchester also did, bowing to public demand) and to install a bevel axle as less expensive to make and more dependable than the one-time worm.

There you had the Jowett light car of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties. It was lofty, long, and lively on its half-elliptic springs. It hadn't

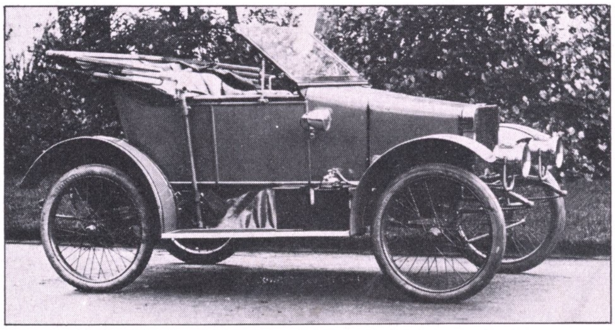
much in the way of brakes. It phuttered along with clocklike noises and if one plug oiled-up, or cooked, you had to manage on less engine than the average motor bicycle had beneath its tank.

But that little two-pot power unit had power – or felt as if it had – because the Jowett was very light, even when endowed with box-like saloon bodywork. The roads were pretty empty, too, and the gear ratios were suited to Yorkshire gradients. The Jowett advertisement lured buyers with snatches of musical score, lyrical prose, and even verse. They have been described as 'near-biblical'. But remembering a Jowett slogan 'The Seven which passeth a Seventeen like a Seventy' I would call them quite devilish . . .

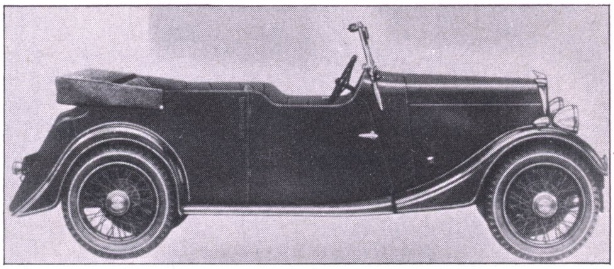
They were not cheap, these simple Jowetts. In 1923 a coil-ignition two-seater cost £220, and was rather a quaint little thing, with a stubby right-hand gear change, and a stubby seven-foot wheelbase. The four-seater on the 8′ 6″ wheelbase chassis, the first 7 hp four-seater, was like a long boat and the saloons were simply hideous.

Why, then, did not the Jowett go down under the onslaught of Sir Herbert Austin's clever Seven, as so many other light cars did, from 1923 onwards? Because Jowett had a staunch following of their own, composed presumably of six-footers, for when other small cars were becoming baby cars the Jowett refused to be compressed – it was as a Citroën 2cv is to a Fiat 500. All manner of publicity stunts helped Jowett sales, from ascending freak hills and negotiating underground sewers to a trans-African journey towing 12-cwt. trailers and the breaking of speed records (admittedly rather specialised but of considerable duration) at Brooklands and Montlhèry, the latter by the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, again towing a trailer, this one containing 100 gallons of extra petrol.

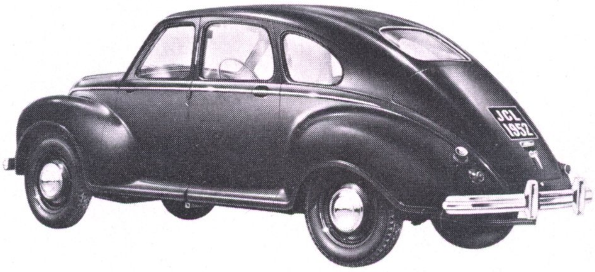
Staid as Jowetts were, there was an aluminium-bodied sports model, later a Kestrel twin-carb sports saloon and a similar Weasel open sports four-seater. The two cylinders were enlarged in 1937 to give 946 cc. The brothers Jowett tried a horizontally opposed flat-four-cylinder model but refused to stoop so low as a £100 car, merely dropping the price of the cheapest Jowett to 105 guineas.



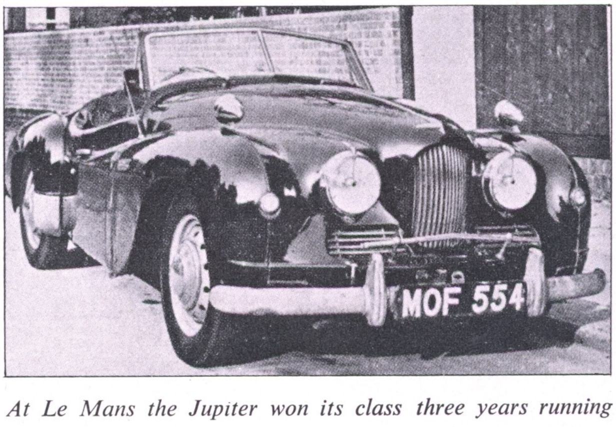
*This 1906 Jowett prototype light car had tiller steering*



*The 1936 Jowett Weasel four-seater sports sold for £165*



*Most successful Jowett of all: the 'fast-backed' Javelin*



*At Le Mans the Jupiter won its class three years running*

If the First World War had seen the Jowett light car established, the second war saw the Bradford make revolutionised. Gerry Palmer, now with Vauxhall and the rebuilder of a very fine 1924 Targa Florio Mercedes, took the post-war motoring world's breath away, with his Jowett Javelin. It had torsion-bar front and back suspension. An aerodynamically clean saloon body, and its 1½-litre flat-four engine gave this sleek car a top speed of 80 mph in quiet luxury. Britain, we felt, now had a rival to the previously inimitable Lancia Aprilia, of rather smaller engine size.

The Javelin had its bothers – run bearings, rain-dowsed plugs, etc. But it became very popular, did well in the Monte Carlo Rally, and was joined in 1950 by the sports Jupiter on similar lines, which could be converted from an open two-seater into a snug coupé for 'bird-watching' at the tug of the hood, and the winding up of its glass windows.

The Jupiter encouraged Jowett to develop the space-frame glass-fibre-bodied R4 under the tuition of Auto-Union's Prof Eberhorst. For three years in succession Jowett scored class-wins in the Le Mans 24-hour race and they sold perhaps 30,000 Javelins and well over 1,000 Jupiters. Then came the crunch – or non-crunch. The body presses which crunched out the handsome Jowett shells were needed for Ford production, and the lesser company went under.

The task started in 1906 by the dependable Jowett brothers, who began business with a capital of only £90, a third of which was subscribed by a sister with faith in their bicycle repairs, was snuffed out. Big Business had swallowed the car from Bradford. But the Jowett Car Club, founded away back in 1922 and thus the oldest of all the now-prolific one-make organisations, flourishes. Its members see no reason to purchase 1971 cars when there are still Javelins and the occasional Jupiter to be bought. And those of them who have maintained or rebuilt any of the old 7 hp Jowetts still qualify for an annual tax-rebate of £7 a year. Which would have appealed to Will and Ben no end!